

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume XXXVI. }

No. 1947.—October 15, 1881.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CLI. }

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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## BORMUS.

## A LINUS SONG.

Λίνου δ' ὅπ' ἀπὸ καλὸν ἄειδε  
Λεπταλέη φωνή. — II. xviii. 571.

Down from the lifted cornfield trips  
The child with ripe red-berried lips,  
The radiant mountain boy with eyes  
Blue as wet gentians in the shade,  
His golden hair all wet with heat,  
Limp as the meadow-gold new laid ;  
And as a russet fir-cone brown,  
An earthen pitcher gaily swings  
Upon his little shoulder borne,  
Water to fetch from sunless springs ;  
And while the flowers his bare feet brush  
Loud sings he like a mountain thrush.

Ah cornflowers blue and poppies red,  
Weep, for our little Love is dead.

By paths that through sweet hay new mown  
Like hillside brooks come leaping down,  
Past silver slabs of morning, where  
The wet crags flash the sunlight back,  
Past the warm runnels in the grass,  
Whose course the purple orchids track,  
And down the shining upland slopes,  
And herby dells all dark with pine,  
Incarnate gladness, leaps the child,  
Still singing like a bird divine,  
His little pattering sunburnt feet  
With bruised meadow spikenard sweet.

Ah cornflowers blue and poppies red,  
Weep, for our little Love is dead.

Too soon, ah me, too bitter soon  
He reached the dell unsunned at noon,  
Where in long flutes the water falls  
Into a deep and glimmering pool,  
And struck from out the dripping rocks  
The silver water-sparks all cool  
Spangle the chilly cavern-dark,  
And clear cut ferns green fringe the gloom,  
And with continuous sound the air  
Trembles, and all the still perfume, —  
Here came the child for water chill,  
The sultry reapers' thirst to still.

Ah cornflowers blue and poppies red,  
Weep, for our little Love is dead.

"Hither, come hither, thou fair child,"  
Loud sang the water voices wild,  
"Come hither, thou delightful boy,  
And tread our cool translucent floors,  
Where never scorching heats may come,  
Nor ever wintry tempest roars ;  
Nor the sharp tooth of envious age  
May fret thy beauty with decay,  
And thou grow sad 'mid wailful men ;  
But in thy deathless spring-time stay,  
Made one with our eternal joy,  
Forever an immortal boy."

Ah cornflowers blue and poppies red,  
Weep, for our little Love is dead.

He dipped his pitcher o'er the brink,  
About it dimpling sunlights wink,  
The smooth rill fills its darkling throat  
With hollow tinklings mounting shrill  
And shriller to its thirsty lip ;  
But sweeter, wilder, louder still  
The water voices ringing sing ;  
And beckon him, and draw him down  
The cool-armed silver-wristed nymphs,  
His warm lips with cold kisses crown ;  
And to their chilly bosoms prest,  
He sinks away in endless rest.

Ah cornflowers blue and poppies red,  
Weep, for our little Love is dead.

But still in the warm twilight eves,  
Threading the lone moon-silvered sheaves,  
Or where in fragrant dusky heaps  
The dim-seen hay cool scents emits,  
The boy across the darkening hills  
Bearing his little pitcher flits,  
With feet that light as snowflakes fall,  
Nor, passing, stir the feathered grass ;  
And sings a song no man may know,  
Of old forgotten things that pass,  
And love that endeth in a sigh,  
And beauty only born to die.

Blue cornflowers weep, red poppies sigh,  
For all we love must ever die.

Macmillan's Magazine. ELLICE HOPKINS.

NOTE. — The "Linus Songs" were sung in the harvest-fields, or in the vineyards at vintage. They were of a tender and melancholy character, with a pathetic burthen, in which all joined, beating time with their feet; and seem to have been inspired by some sort of unconscious sense of sadness over the golden corn laid low and the purpling grapes gathered and crushed. They derive their name from Linus, a beautiful boy brought up among the sheep-folds, and torn to death by wild dogs.

## PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

SEPTEMBER 6TH, 1881.

(See *Daily News* for September 7th.)

THE hush of the sick-room ; the muffled tread ;  
Fond, questioning eye ; mute lip, and listening car ;  
Where wife and children watch, 'twixt hope and fear,  
A father's, husband's, living-dying bed ! —  
The hush of a great nation, when its head  
Lies stricken ! Lo, along the streets he's borne,  
Pale, thro' rank'd crowds, this grey September morn,  
'Mid straining eyes, sad brows unbonneted,  
And reverent speechlessness ! — a "people's voice !"

Nay, but a people's silence ! thro' the soul  
Of the wide world its subtler echoes roll.  
O brother nation ! England, for her part,  
Is with thee ; God willing, she, whose heart  
Throbb'd with thy pain, shall with thy joy rejoice.

Spectator.

A. C. A.

From The Cornhill Magazine.  
THE ESSAYISTS.

ONE of our national characteristics, we are told, is a love of sermons of all varieties, from sermons in stone to sermons in rhyme. We have no reason, that I can see, to be ashamed of our taste. We make an awkward figure when we disavow or disguise it. The spectacle of a solid John Bull trying to give himself the airs of a graceful, sensitive, pleasure-loving creature, indifferent to the duties of life and content with the spontaneous utterance of emotion, is always ridiculous. We cannot do it—whether it be worth doing or not. We try desperately to be æsthetic, but we can't help laughing at ourselves in the very act: and the only result is that we sometimes substitute painfully immoral for painfully moral sermons. We are just as clumsy as before, and a good deal less natural. I accept the fact without seeking to justify it, and I hold that every Englishman loves a sermon in his heart. We grumble dreadfully, it is true, over the quality of the sermons provided by the official representatives of the art. In this, as in many previous long vacations, there will probably be a lively discussion in the papers as to the causes of the dulness of modern pulpits. I always wonder, for my part, that our hard-worked clergy can turn out so many entertaining and impressive discourses as they actually do.

At present I have nothing to say to the sermon properly so called. There is another kind of sermon, the demand for which is conclusively established by the exuberance of the supply. Few books, I fancy, have been more popular in modern times than certain lay-sermons, composed, as it seems to scoffers, of the very quaintness of commonplace. If such popularity were an adequate test of merit, we should have to reckon amongst the highest intellectual qualities the power of pouring forth a gentle and continuous maundering about things in general. We swallow with unfailling appetite a feeble dilution of harmless philanthropy mixed with a little stingless satirizing of anything that interrupts the current of complacent optimism. We like to hear a

thoroughly comfortable person purring contentedly in his armchair, and declaring that everything must be for the best in a world which has provided him so liberally with buttered rolls and a blazing fire. He hums out a satisfactory little string of platitudes as soothing as the voice of his own kettle singing on the hob. If a man of sterner nature or more daring intellect breaks in with a harsh declaration that there are evils too deep to be remedied by a letter to the *Times*, mocks at our ideal of petty domestic comfort, and even swears that some of our heroes are charlatans and our pet nostrums mere quackery, we are inexpressibly shocked, and unite to hoot him down as a malevolent cynic. He professes, in sober earnest, to disbelieve in us. Obviously he must be a disbeliever in all human virtue; and so, having settled his business, we return to our comfortable philosopher, and lap ourselves in his gentle eulogies of our established conventions. I do not know, indeed, that we change very decidedly for the better when we turn up our noses at a diet of mere milk and water, and stimulate our jaded palate with an infusion of literary bitters. The cynic and the sentimentalist who preach to us by turns in the social essay, often differ very slightly in the intrinsic merit or even in the substance of their discourses. Respondent and opponent are really on the same side in these little disputations, though they make a great show of deadly antagonism. I have often felt it to be a melancholy reflection that some of the most famous witticisms ever struck out—the saying about the use of language or the definition of gratitude—have been made by what seems to be almost a mechanical device—the inversion of a truism. Nothing gives a stronger impression of the limited range of the human intellect. In fact, it seems that the essay writer has to make his choice between the platitude and the paradox. If he wishes for immediate success he will probably do best by choosing the platitude. One of the great secrets of popularity—though it requires a discreet application—is not to be too much afraid of boring your audience. The most popular of modern writers have acted upon

the principle. You may learn from Dickens that you cannot make your jokes too obvious or repeat them too often; and from Macaulay that you should grudge no labor spent in proving that two and two make four. The public should be treated as a judicious barrister treats a common jury. It applauds most lustily the archer who is quite certain of hitting a haystack at ten paces: not the one who can sometimes split a willow wand at a hundred. Even the hardened essayist feels a little compunction at times. He is conscious that he has been anticipated in the remark that life is uncertain, and doubts whether he can season it with wit enough to get rid of the insipidity. "Of all the vices which degrade the human character," said the youthful Osborne in the essay which Amelia produced to Dobbin, "selfishness is the most odious and contemptible. An undue love of self leads to the most monstrous crimes, and occasions the greatest misfortunes both to States and families." Young Osborne succeeded in staggering through two or three sentences more, though he ends, it is true, by dropping into something like tautology. But really, when I consider the difficulty of saying anything, I am half inclined to agree with his tutor's opinion that there was no office in the bar or the senate to which the lad might not aspire. How many sermons would reduce themselves to repeating this statement over and over again for the prescribed twenty minutes! And yet some skilful essayists have succeeded in giving a great charm to such remarks; and I rather wonder that amongst the various selections now so fashionable, some one has not thought of a selection of our best periodical essays. Between the days of Bacon and our own, a sufficient number have been produced to furnish some very interesting volumes.

The essay writer is the lay preacher upon that vague mass of doctrines which we dignify by the name of knowledge of life or of human nature. He has to do with the science in which we all graduate as we grow old, when we try to pack our personal observations into a few sententious aphorisms not quite identical with the old formulæ. It is a strange experi-

ence which happens to some people to grow old in a day, and to find that some good old saying—"vanity of vanities," for example—which you have been repeating ever since you first left college and gave yourself the airs of a man of the world, has suddenly become a vivid and striking impression of a novel truth, and has all the force of a sudden discovery. In one of Poe's stories, a clever man hides an important document by placing it exactly in the most obvious and conspicuous place in the room. That is the principle, it would sometimes seem, which accounts for the preservation of certain important secrets of life. They are hidden from the uninitiated just because the phrases in which they are couched are so familiar. We fancy, in our youth, that our elders must either be humbugs—which is the pleasantest and most obvious theory—or that they must have some little store of esoteric wisdom which they keep carefully to themselves. The initiated become aware that neither hypothesis is true. Experience teaches some real lessons; but they are taught in the old words. The change required is in the mind of the thinker, not in the symbols of his thought. Worldly wisdom is summed up in the familiar currency which has passed from hand to hand through the centuries; and we find on some catastrophe, or by the gradual process of advancing years, that mystic properties lurk unsuspected in the domestic halfpenny.

The essayist should be able, more or less, to anticipate this change, and make us see what is before our eyes. It is easy enough for the mere hawker of sterile platitudes to imitate his procedure, and to put on airs of superhuman wisdom when retailing the barren *exuvie* of other men's thought. But there are some rare books, in reading which we slowly become aware that we have to do with the man who has done all that can be done in this direction—that is, rediscovered the old discoveries for himself. Chief, beyond rivalry, amongst all such performances, in our own language at least, is Bacon's "Essays." Like Montaigne, he represents, of course, the mood in which the great aim of the ablest thinkers was precisely to see facts



for themselves instead of taking them on trust. And though Bacon has not the delightful egotism or the shrewd humor of his predecessors, and substitutes the tersest method of presenting his thought for the discursive rambling characteristic of the prince of all essayists, the charm of his writing is almost equally due to his unconscious revelation of character. One can imagine a careless reader, indeed, skimming the book in a hurry, and setting down the author as a kind of Polonius—a venerable old person with a plentiful lack of wit and nothing on his tongue but “words, words, words.” In spite of the weighty style, surcharged, as it seems, with thought and experience, we might quote maxim after maxim from its pages with a most suspicious air of Polonius wisdom; and though Polonius, doubtless, had been a wise man in his day, Hamlet clearly took him for an old bore, and dealt with him as we could all wish at moments to deal with bores. “He that is plentiful in expense of all kinds will hardly be preserved from decay.” Does it require a “large-browed Verulam,” one of the first “of those that know,” to give us that valuable bit of information? Or—to dip into his pages at random—could we not have guessed for ourselves that if a man “easily pardons and remits offences, it shows”—what?—“that his mind is planted above injuries;” or, again, that “good thoughts are little better than good dreams except they be put in act;” or even that a man “should be sure to leave other men their turns to speak.” “Here be truths,” and set forth as solemnly as if they were calculated to throw a new light upon things in general. But it would be hard to demand even of a Bacon that he should refrain from all that has been said before. And the impression—if it ever crosses the mind of a perverse critic—that Bacon was a bit of a windbag, very rapidly disappears. It would be far less difficult to find pages free from platitude than to find one in which there is not some condensed saying which makes us acknowledge that the mark has been hit, and the definitive form imposed upon some hazy notion which has been vaguely hovering

about the mind, and eluding all our attempts to grasp it. We have not thought just that, but something which clearly ought to have been that. Occasionally, of course, this is due to the singular power in which Bacon, whatever his other merits or defects, excels all other philosophic writers; the power which springs from a unique combination of the imaginative and speculative faculties, of finding some vivid concrete image to symbolize abstract truths. It is exhibited again in the perverted, but often delightful, ingenuity with which he reads philosophical meanings into old mythological legends, entirely innocent, as a matter of fact, of any such matter; which often makes us fancy that he was a new incarnation of Æsop, able to construct the most felicitous parables at a moment’s notice, to illustrate any conceivable combination of ideas; a power, too, which is connected with his weakness, and helps to explain how he could be at once an almost inspired prophet of a coming scientific era, and yet curiously wanting in genuine aptitude for scientific inquiry. It is, perhaps, the more one-sided and colorless intellect which is best fitted for achievement, though incapable of clothing its ambition in the resplendent hues of Bacon’s imagination.

In the “Essays” the compression of the style keeps this power in subordination. Analogies are suggested in a pregnant sentence, not elaborated and brought forward in the pomp of stately rhetoric. Only, as we become familiar with the book, we become more aware of the richness and versatility of intellect which it implies, and conscious of the extreme difficulty of characterizing it or its author in any compendious phrase. That has hardly been done; or, what is worse it has been misdone. Readers who do not shrink from Mr. Spedding’s \* seven solid volumes may learn to know Bacon; and will admit at least that the picture drawn by that loving hand differs as much from Macaulay’s slapdash blacks and whites as a portrait by a master from the auda-

\* They may learn as much from the admirable “Evenings with a Reviewer,” which unfortunately remains a privately printed book, not easy to get sight of.

cious caricature of a contemporary satirist. But Mr. Spedding was characteristically anxious that his readers should draw their own conclusions. He left it to a successor, who has not hitherto appeared, to sum up the total impressions of the amazingly versatile and complex character, and to show how inadequately it is represented by simply heaping together a mass of contradictions, and calling them a judgment. Perhaps a thorough study of the "Essays" would be enough by itself to make us really intimate with their author. For we see as we read that Bacon is a typical example of one of the two great races between whom our allegiance is generally divided. He would be despised by the Puritan as worldly, and would retort by equal contempt for the narrow bigotry of Puritanism. You cannot admire him heartily if the objects of your hero-worship are men of the Cromwell or Luther type. The stern imperious man of action, who aims straight at the heart, who is efficient in proportion as he is one-sided, to whom the world presents itself as an interne-cine struggle between the powers of light and darkness, who can see nothing but eternal truths on one side and damnable lies on the other, who would reform by crushing his opponents to the dust, and regards all scruples that might trammel his energies as so much hollow cant, is undoubtedly an impressive phenomenon. But it is also plain that he must have suppressed half his nature; he has lost in breadth what he has gained in immensity; and the merits of a Bacon depend precisely upon the richness of his mind and the width of his culture. He cannot help sympathizing with all the contemporary currents of thought. He is tempted to injustice only in regard to the systems which seem to imply the stagnation of thought. He hates bigotry, and bigotry alone, but bigotry in every possible phase, even when it is accidentally upon his own side. His sympathies are so wide that he cannot help taking all knowledge for his province. The one lesson which he cannot learn is Goethe's lesson of "renouncing." The whole universe is so interesting that every avenue for thought must be kept open. He is at once a philosopher, a statesman, a lawyer, a man of science, and an omnivorous student of literature. The widest theorizing and the minutest experiment are equally welcome; he is as much interested in arranging a masque or laying out a garden, as in a political intrigue or a legal reform or a

logical speculation. The weakness of such a man in political life is grossly misinterpreted when it is confounded with the baseness of a servile courtier. It is not that he is without aims, and lofty aims; but that they are complex, far-reaching, and too wide for vulgar comprehension. He cannot join the party of revolution or the party of obstruction, for he desires the equable development of the whole organization. The danger is not that he will defy reason, but that he will succeed in finding reasons for any conceivable course. The world's business, as he well knows, has to be carried on with the help of the stupid and the vile; and he naturally errs on the side of indulgence and compliance, hoping to work men to the furtherance of views of which they are unable to grasp the importance. His tolerance is apt to slide into worldliness, and his sensibility to all manner of impulses makes him vulnerable upon many points, and often takes the form of timidity. The time-serving of the profligate means a desire for personal gratification; the time-serving of a Bacon means too great a readiness to take the world as it is, and to use questionable tools in the pursuit of vast and elevated designs.

The "Essays" reflect these characteristics. They are the thoughts of a philosopher who is not content to accept any commonplace without independent examination; but who is as little disposed to reject an opinion summarily because it has a slightly immoral aspect as to reject a scientific experiment because it contradicts an established theory. We must hear what the vicious man has to say for himself, as well as listen to the virtuous. He shows his tendency in the opening essay. The dearest of all virtues to the philosophic mind is truth, and there is no sincerer lover of such truth than Bacon. But he will not overlook the claims of falsehood. "Truth may, perhaps, come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day; but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, that showeth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure." That famous sentence is just one of the sayings which the decorous moralist is apt to denounce or to hide away in dexterous verbiage. Bacon's calm recognition of the fact is more impressive, and, perhaps, not really less moral. The essay upon "Simulation and Dissimulation" may suggest more qualms to the rigorous. Dissimulation, it is true, is condemned as a "faint kind of policy

and wisdom;" it is the "weaker sort of politicians that are the great dissemblers." But this denunciation has to be refined and shaded away. For, in the first place, a habit of secrecy is both "moral and politic." But secrecy implies more; for "no man can be secret except he give himself a little scope of dissimulation; which is, as it were, but the skirts or train of secrecy." But if secrecy leads to dissimulation, will not dissimulation imply downright simulation—in plain English, lying? "That," replies Bacon, "I hold more culpable and less politic, except it be in rare and great matters." He enumerates their advantages, and their counterbalancing disadvantages; and the summing up is one of his characteristic sentences. "The best composition and temperature is to love openness in fame and opinion; secrecy in habit; dissimulation in seasonable use; and a power to feign if there be no remedy."

How skilfully the claims of morality and policy are blended! How delicately we slide from the virtue of holding our tongues to the advisability of occasional lying! "You old rogue!" exclaims the severe moralist, "your advice is simply—don't lie, unless you can lie to your advantage, and without loss of credit." And yet it really seems, if we follow Mr. Spedding's elaborate investigations, that Bacon lied remarkably little for a statesman—especially for a timid statesman—in an age of elaborate intrigues. I fancy that the student of recent history would admit that the art of dexterous equivocation had not fallen entirely out of use, and is not judged with great severity when an opponent asks an awkward question in Parliament. A cynic might even declare the chief difference to be that we now disavow the principles upon which we really act, and so lie to ourselves as well as to others; whereas Bacon was at least true to himself, and, if forced to adopt a theory of expediency, would not blink the fact. It is this kind of sincerity to which the "Essays" owe part of their charm to every thoughtful reader. We must not go to them for lofty or romantic morality—for sayings satisfactory to the purest or the enthusiast. We have a morality, rather, which has been refracted through a mind thoroughly imbued with worldly wisdom, and ready to accept the compromises which a man who mixes with his fellows on equal terms must often make with his conscience. He is no hermit to renounce the world, for the world is, after all, a great fact; nor to retire to

a desert because the air of cities is tainted by the lungs of his fellows. He accepts the code which is workable, not that which is ideally pure. He loves in all things the true *via media*. He objects to atheism, for religion is politically useful; but he is quite as severe upon superstition, which is apt to generate a more dangerous fanaticism. He considers love to be a kind of excusable weakness, so long as men "sever it wholly from their serious affairs and actions of life;" but he is eloquent and forcible in exalting friendship, without which a man may as well "quit the stage." In this, indeed, Bacon (we will take Mr. Spedding's view of that little affair about Essex) seems to have spoken from his own experience; and in spite of the taint of worldliness, the feeling that there is something tepid in their author's nature, a certain want of cordiality in the grasp of his hand, we feel that the "Essays" have a merit beyond that which belongs to them as genuine records of the observation of life at first hand by a man of vast ability and varied and prolonged experience. They show, too, a marvellously rich and sensitive nature, capable of wide sympathies, with all manner of interests, devoted to a grand and far-reaching ambition, though not sufficiently contemptuous of immediate expediency, and fully appreciative of the really valuable elements in human life. If he has the weaknesses, he has also, in a surpassing degree, the merits, of a true cosmopolitan, or citizen of this world, whose wisdom, if not as childlike as the Christian preacher requires, is most certainly not childish. When we add the literary genius which has coined so many pregnant aphorisms, and stamped even truisms with his own image and superscription, we can understand why the "Essays" have come home to men's business and bosoms.

It is amusing to compare Bacon with the always delightful Fuller, in regard to whom Coleridge declares that his amazing wit has deprived him of the credit due to his soundness of judgment. The statement does not quite cover the ground. Fuller in the "Holy and Profane State" and Bacon in the "Essays" have each given us a short sermon upon the text, "Be angry and sin not." Fuller undoubtedly makes the greatest display of intellectual fireworks. In half-a-dozen short paragraphs, he gets off as many witticisms, good, bad, and inimitable. A man who can't be angry, he says, is like the Caspian Sea which never ebbs or flows: to be angry on

slight cause, is to fire the beacons at the landing of every cockboat: you should beware of doing irrevocable mischief when you are angry, for Samson's hair grew again, but not his eyes: he tells us that manna did not corrupt when left over the Sabbath, whereas anger then corrupts most of all: and then we have that irresistible piece of absurdity which so delighted Charles Lamb; we are warned not to take too literally the apostle's direction not to let the sun go down upon our wrath, for "then might our wrath lengthen with the days, and men in Greenland, where day lasts above a quarter of the year, might have plentiful scope of revenge." Undoubtedly Fuller's astonishing ingenuity in striking out illustrations of this kind, excites, as Coleridge says, our sense of the wonderful. If we read in search of amusement, we are rewarded at every page; we shall never fail to make a bag in beating his coverts: and beyond a doubt we shall bring back as well a healthy liking for the shrewd lively simplicity which has provided them. But it is equally undeniable that Fuller never takes the trouble to distinguish between an illustration which really gives light to our feet and a sudden flash of brilliancy which disappears to leave the obscurity unchanged. He cannot refrain from a ludicrous analogy, which is often all the more amusing just because it is preposterously inapplicable. Here and there we have a really brilliant stroke and then an audacious pun, not, perhaps, a play upon words, but a play upon ideas which is quite as superficial. At bottom we feel that the excellent man has expended his energy, not in "chewing and digesting" the formula which serves him for a text, but in overlaying it with quaint conceits. Bacon gives us no such flashes of wit, though certainly not from inability to supply them; but he says a thing which we remember: "Men must beware that they carry their anger rather with scorn than with fear, so that they may seem to be rather above the injury than below it; which is a thing easily done, if a man will give a law to himself in it." The remark is doubtless old enough in substance; but it reveals at once the man who does not allow a truism to run through his mind without weighing or testing it; who has impartially considered the uses of anger and the proper mode of disciplining it; and who can aid us with a judicious hint or two as to the best plan of making others angry, an art

of great utility, whatever its morality, in many affairs of life.

The essay, as Bacon understood it, is indeed a trying form of utterance. A man must be very confident of the value of his own meditations upon things in general, and of his capacity for "looking wiser than any man ever really was," before he should venture to adopt his form. I cannot remember any English book deserving to be put in the same class, unless it be Sir Henry Taylor's essays, the "Statesman" and "Notes upon Life," which have the resemblance at least of reflecting, in admirably graceful English, the mellowed wisdom of a cultivated and meditative mind, which has tested commonplaces by the realities of the world and its business. But a few men have thoughts which will bear being presented simply and straightforwardly, and which have specific gravity enough to dispense with adventitious aids. A Frenchman can always season his wisdom with epigram, and coins his reflections into the form of detached *pensées*. But our language or our intellect is too blunt for such jewellery in words. We cannot match Pascal, or Rochefoucauld, or Vauvenargues, or Chamfort. Our modes of expression are lumbering, and seem to have been developed rather in the pulpit than in the rapid interchange of animated conversation. The essay after Bacon did not crystallize into separate drops of sparkling wit, but became more continuous, less epigrammatic, and easier in its flow. Cowley just tried his hand at the art enough to make us regret that he did not give us more prose and fewer Pindarics. Sir William Temple's essays give an interesting picture of the statesman who has for once realized the dream so often cherished in vain, of a retirement to books and gardens; but the thought is too superficial and the style too slipshod for enduring popularity; and that sturdy, hot-headed, pugnacious, and rather priggish moralist, Jeremy Collier, poured out some hearty, rugged essays, which make us like the man, but feel that he is too much of the pedagogue, brandishing a birch rod wherewith to whip our sins out of us. The genuine essayist appeared with Steele and Addison and their countless imitators. Some salvage from the vast mass of periodicals which have sunk into the abysses appears upon our shelves in the shape of forty odd volumes, duly annotated and expounded by laborious commentators. It is amusing to glance over

the row, from "The Tatler" to "The Looker-on," from the days of Steele to those of Cumberland and Mackenzie, the "Man of Feeling," and reflect upon the simple-mindedness of our great-grandfathers. Nothing brings back to us more vividly the time of the good old British "gentlewoman;" the contemporary of the admirable Mrs. Chapone and Mrs. Carter, who even contributed short papers to "The Rambler," and regarded the honor as a patent of immortality; who formed Richardson's court, and made tea for Johnson; who wrote letters about the "improvement of the mind," and at times ventured upon a translation of a classical moralist, but enquired with some anxiety whether a knowledge of Latin was consistent with the delicacy of the female sex; and thought it a piece of delicate flattery when a male author condescended to write down to the level of their comprehension. Lady Mary seems to have been the only woman of the century who really felt herself entitled to a claim of intellectual equality; and the feminine author was regarded much in the same way as a modern lady in the hunting-field. It was a question whether she should be treated with exceptional forbearance, or warned off a pursuit rather too rough for a true womanly occupation. Johnson's famous comparison of the preaching women to the dancing dogs gives the general sentiment. They were not admired for writing well, but for writing at all.

We have changed all this, and there is something pathetic in the tentative and modest approaches of our grandmothers to the pursuits in which their granddaughters have achieved the rights and responsibilities of equal treatment.

But it is necessary to remember, in reading the whole "Spectator" and its successors, that this audience is always in the background. It is literature written by gentlemen for ladies—that is, for persons disposed to sit at gentlemen's feet. Bacon is delivering his thoughts for the guidance of thoughtful aspirants to fame; and Temple is acting the polished statesman in the imagined presence of wits and courtiers. But Steele and Addison make it their express boast that they write for the good of women, who have hitherto been limited to an intellectual diet of decent devotional works or of plays and romances. "The Spectator" is to lie on the table by the side of the morning dish of chocolate; and every writer in a periodical knows how carefully he must bear in mind the audience for which he is cater-

ing. The form once fixed was preserved throughout the century with a persistency characteristic of the sheep-like race of authors. Every successor tried to walk in Addison's footsteps. "The World," as somebody tells us, was the Ulysses' bow in which all the wits of the day tried their strength. The fine gentlemen, like Chesterfield and Walpole, too nice to rub shoulders with the ordinary denizens of Grub Street, ventured into this select arena with the encouragement of some easily dropped mask of anonymity. It is amusing to observe on what easy terms glory was to be won by such achievements. There was the exemplary Mr. Grove, of Taunton, who wrote a paper in "The Spectator," which, according to Johnson, was "one of the finest pieces in the English language," though I suppose but few of my readers can recollect a word of it, and Mr. Ince, of Gray's Inn, who frequented Tom's Coffee House, and was apparently revered by other frequenters on the strength of a compliment from Steele to some contributions never identified. Nay, a certain Mr. Elphinstone, seen in the flesh by Hazlitt, was surrounded for fifty years by a kind of faint halo of literary fame, because he had discharged the humble duty of translating the mottoes to "The Rambler." The fame, indeed, has not been very enduring. We have lost our appetite for this simple food. Very few people, we may suspect, give their days and nights to the study of Addison, any more than a youthful versifier tries to catch the echo of Pope. We are rather disposed to laugh at the classical motto which serves in place of a text, and must have given infinite trouble to some unfortunate scribblers. The gentle raillery of feminine foibles in dress or manners requires to be renewed in every generation with the fashions to which it refers. The novelettes are of that kind of literature which are too much like tracts, insipid to tastes accustomed to the full-blown novel developed in later times. A classical allegory or a so-called Eastern tale has become a puerility like the old-fashioned pastoral. We half regret the days when a man with a taste for fossils or butterflies was called a *virtuoso*, and considered an unfailling butt for easy ridicule; but we are too much under the thumb of the scientific world to reveal our sentiments. And as for the criticism, with its elaborate inanities about the unities and the rules of epic poetry, and the authority of Aristotle and M. Bossu, we look down upon it from the heights of



philosophical æsthetics, and rejoice complacently in the infallibility of modern tastes. Were it not for "Sir Roger de Coverley," the old-fashioned essay would be well-nigh forgotten, except by some examiner who wants a bit of pure English to be turned into Latin prose.

Oblivion of this kind is the natural penalty of laboring upon another man's foundations. There is clearly a presumption that the form struck out by Addison would not precisely suit Fielding or Johnson or Goldsmith; and accordingly we read "Tom Jones" and "The Vicar of Wakefield" and the "Lives of the Poets" without troubling ourselves to glance at "The Champion" or "The Covent Garden Journal." We make a perfunctory study even of "The Bee" and "The Citizen of the World," and are irreverent about "The Rambler." We may find in them, indeed, abundant traces of Fielding's rough irony and hearty common sense, and of Goldsmith's delicate humor and felicity of touch; but Goldsmith, when forced to continuous dissertation, has to spin his thread too fine, and Fielding seems to be uncomfortably cramped within the narrow limits of the essay. "The Rambler" should not have a superfluous word said against it; for the very name has become a kind of scarecrow; and yet any one who will skip most of the criticisms and all the amusing passages may suck much profitable and not unpleasing melancholy out of its ponderous pages. It is all the pleasanter for its contrast to the kind of jaunty optimism which most essayists adopt as most congenial to easy-going readers. I like to come upon one of Johnson's solemn utterances of a conviction of the radical wretchedness of life. "The cure for the greatest part of human miseries is not radical but palliative. Infelicity is involved in corporeal nature, and interwoven with our being; all attempts, therefore, to decline it wholly are useless and vain; the armies of pain send their arrows against us on every side; the choice is only between those which are more or less sharp, or tinged with poison of greater or less malignity; and the strongest armor which reason can supply will only blunt their points, but cannot repel them." This melancholy monotone of sadness, coming from a brave and much-enduring nature, is impressive, but it must be admitted that it would make rather severe reading at a tea-table—even when presided over by that ornament to her sex, the translator of Epictetus. And poor Johnson, being painfully

sensible that he must not deviate too far from his Addison, makes an elephantine gambol or two with a very wry face; and is only comical by his failure.

I take it, in fact, to be established that within his special and narrow province Addison was unique. Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt tried to exalt Steele above his colleague. We can perfectly understand their affection for the chivalrous, warm-hearted Irishman. When a virtuous person rebukes the extravagance of a thoughtless friend by the broad hint of putting an execution into his house, we naturally take part with the offender. We have a sense that Addison got a little more than his deserts in this world, whilst Steele got a little less, and we wish to make the balance even. And to some extent this applies in a literary sense. Steele has more warmth and pathos than Addison; he can speak of women without the patronizing tone of his leader, and would hardly, like him, have quoted for their benefit the famous theory of Pericles as to their true glory. And, yet, it does not want any refined criticism to recognize Addison's superiority. Steele's admirers have tried to vindicate for him a share in Sir Roger; but any one who reads the papers in which that memorable character is described, will see that all the really fine touches are contributed by Addison. Steele took one of the most promising incidents, the courtship of the widow, and the paper in which this appears is the furthest below the general level. To have created Sir Roger—the forefather of so many exquisite characters, for surely he is closely related to Parson Adams, and Uncle Toby, and Doctor Primrose, and Colonel Newcome—is Addison's greatest achievement, and the most characteristic of the man. For it is impossible not to feel that some injustice is done to Addison when grave writers like M. Taine, for example, treat him seriously as a novelist or a political theorist, or even as a critic. Judged by any severe standard, his morality and his political dissertations and his critical disquisitions—the immortal papers, for example, upon the imagination and upon "Paradise Lost"—are puerile enough. With all our love of sermons, we can be almost as much bored as M. Taine himself by some of Addison's prosings. The charm of the man is just in the admirable simplicity of which Sir Roger is only an imaginative projection. Addison, it is true, smiles at the knight's little absurdities from the platform of superior scholarship.



He feels himself to be on the highest level of the culture of his time — a scholar, a gentleman — fit to sit in council with Somers, or to interpret the speculations of Locke. But at bottom he is precisely of the same material as the fine old squire with whom he sympathizes. His simplicity is not destroyed by learning to write Latin verses, or even by becoming a secretary of state. Sir Roger does not accept the teaching of his chaplain with more reverence than Addison feels for Tillotson and the admirable Dr. Scott, whose authority has become very faded for us. The squire accepts Baker's chronicle as his sole and infallible authority in all matters of history; but Addison's history would pass muster just as little with Mr. Freeman or Dr. Stubbs. We smile at Sir Roger's satisfaction with the progress of the Church of England when a rigid Dissenter eats plentifully of his Christmas plum-porridge; but there is something almost equally simple-minded in Addison's conviction that the prosecutors of Sacheverell had spoken the very last words of political wisdom, and even the good Sir Roger's criticisms of "The Distressed Mother" are not much simpler in substance, though less ambitious in form, than Addison's lectures upon similar topics. Time has put us as much beyond the artist as the artist was beyond his model, and, though he is in part the accomplice, he must also be taken as partly the object of some good-humored ridicule. We cannot sit at his feet as a political teacher; but we see that his politics really mean the spontaneous sympathy of a kindly and generous nature, which receives a painful jar from the sight of bigotry and oppression. His theology, as M. Taine rather superfluously insists, represents the frigid and prosaic type of contemporary divines; but it is only the external covering of that tender sentiment of natural piety to which we owe some of the most exquisite hymns in the language. In short, the occasional pretentiousness of the man, when he wants to deliver *ex cathedra* judgments upon points of criticism and morality, becomes a very venial and rather amusing bit of affectation. It shows only the docility — perhaps rather excessive — with which a gentle and rather timid intellect accepts, at their own valuation, the accepted teachers of his day; and, having put away all thoughts of judging him by an inapplicable standard, we can enjoy him for what he really is without further qualification; we can delight in the urbanity which is the indi-

cation of a childlike nature unspoilt by familiarity with the world; we can admire equally the tenderness, guided by playful fancy, of "The Vision of Mirza," or the legend of "Marraton and Yaratilda," and the passages in which he amuses himself with some such trifle as ladies' patches, handling his plaything so dexterously as never to be too ponderous, whilst somehow preserving, by mere unconscious wit, an air as of amiable wisdom relaxing for a moment from severer thought. Addison's imitators flounder awkwardly enough, for the most part, in attempting to repeat a performance which looks so easy after its execution; but in truth, the secret, though it may be an open one, is not easily appropriated. You have only to acquire Addison's peculiar nature, his delicacy of perception, his tenderness of nature held in check by excessive sensibility, his generosity of feeling which can never hurry him out of the safe entrenchment of thorough respectability, his intense appreciation of all that is pure and beautiful so long as it is also of good report — you must have, in short, the fine qualities along with the limitations of his character, and then you will spontaneously express, in this kind of lambent humor, the quiet, sub-sarcastic playfulness which could gleam out so delightfully when he was alone with a friend, or with his pen, and a bottle of port to give him courage.

Essay-writing, thus understood, is as much one of the lost arts as good letter-writing or good talk. We are too distracted, too hurried. The town about which these essayists are always talking, meant a limited society; it has now become a vast chaos of distracted atoms, whirled into momentary contact, but not coalescing into permanent groups. A sensitive, reserved Addison would go to his club in the days when a club meant a social gathering instead of an oppressive house of call for twelve hundred gentlemen, glaring mutual distrust across their newspaper. He has his recognized corner at the coffee-house, where he could listen undisturbed to the gossip of the regular frequenters. He would retire to his lodgings with a chosen friend, and gradually thaw under the influence of his bottle and his pipe of tobacco, till he poured out his little speculations to his companion, or wrote them down for an audience which he knew as a country parson knows his congregation. He could make little confidential jokes to the public, for the public was only an enlarged

circle of friends. At the present day, such a man, for he was a man of taste and reflection, finds society an intolerable bore. He goes into it to be one of a crowd assembled for a moment to be dispersed in a dozen different crowds tomorrow; he is stuck down at a dinner-table between a couple of strangers, and has not time to break the ice or get beyond the conventional twaddle, unless, indeed, he meets some intrepid talker, who asks him between the soup and the fish whether he believes in the equality of the sexes or the existence of a Deity. He is lucky if he can count upon meeting his best friends once in a fortnight. He becomes famous, not to be the cherished companion of the day, but to be mobbed by a crowd. He may become a recluse, nowhere more easily than in London; but then he can hardly write effective essays upon life; or he may throw himself into some of the countless "movements" of the day, and will have to be in too deadly earnest for the pleasant interchange of social persiflage with a skilful blending of lively and severe. The little friendly circle of sympathetic hearers is broken up for good or bad, dissolved into fragments and whirled into mad confusion; and the talker on paper must change his tone as his audience is dispersed. Undoubtedly in some ways the present day is not merely favorable to essay-writing, but a very paradise for essayists. Our magazines and journals are full of excellent performances. But their character is radically changed. They are serious discussions of important questions, where a man puts a whole system of philosophy into a dozen pages. Or else they differ from the old-fashioned essay as the address of a mob-orator differs from a speech to an organized assembly. The writer has not in his eye a little coterie of recognized authority, but is competing with countless rivals to catch the ear of that vague and capricious personage, the general reader. Sometimes the general reader likes slow twaddle, and sometimes a spice of scandal; but he is terribly apt to take irony for a personal insult, and to mistake delicacy for insipidity. It is true, indeed, that one kind of authority has become more imposing than ever. We are greatly exercised in our minds by the claims of the scientific critic; but that only explains why it is so much easier to write about essay-writing than to write an essay oneself.

Some men, indeed, have enough of the humorist or the philosopher to withdraw

from the crush and indulge in very admirable speculations. Essays may be mentioned which, though less popular than some downright twaddle, have a better chance of endurance. But, apart from the most modern performances, some of the very best of English essays came from the school which in some sense continued the old traditions. The "cockneys" of the first quarter of the century, still talked about the "town," as a distinct entity. Charles Lamb's supper parties were probably the last representatives of the old-fashioned club. Lamb, indeed, was the pet of a little clique of familiars, standing apart from the great world — not like Addison, the favorite of a society, including the chief political and social leaders of the day. The cockneys formed only a small and a rather despised section of society; but they had not been swamped and overwhelmed in the crowd. London was not a shifting caravanserai, a vague aggregate of human beings, from which all traces of organic unity had disappeared. Names like Kensington or Hampstead still suggested real places, with oldest inhabitants and local associations, not confusing paraphrases for arbitrary fragments of S. or N.W. The Temple had its old benchers, men who had lived there under the eyes of neighbors, and whose personal characteristics were known as accurately as in any country village. The theatre of Lamb's day was not one amongst many places of amusement, with only such claims as may be derived from the star of the moment; but a body with imposing historical associations, which could trace back its continuity through a dynasty of managers, from Sheridan to Garrick, and so to Cibber and Betterton, and the companies which exulted in the name of the king's servants. When sitting in the pit, he seemed to be taking the very place of Steele, and might still listen to the old "artificial comedy," for which we have become too moral or too squeamish. To read Elia's essays is to breathe that atmosphere again; and to see that if Lamb did not write for so definite a circle as the old essayists, he is still representing a class with cherished associations, and a distinctive character. One should be a bit of a cockney fully to enjoy his writing; to be able to reconstruct the picturesque old London with its quaint and grotesque aspects. For Lamb is nowhere more himself than in the humorous pathos with which he dwells upon the rapidly vanishing peculiarities of the old-fashioned world.

Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and Hazlitt may be taken to represent this last phase of the old town life before the town had become a wilderness. They have all written admirable essays, though Hunt's pure taste and graceful style scarcely atone for the want of force or idiosyncrasy. No such criticism could be made against his friends. Lamb was not only the pet of his own clique, but the pet of all subsequent critics. To say anything against him would be to provoke indignant remonstrance. An attack upon him would resemble an insult to a child. Yet I will venture to confess that Lamb has some of the faults from which no favorite of a little circle is ever quite free. He is always on the verge of affectation, and sometimes trespasses beyond the verge. There is a self-consciousness about him which in some moods is provoking. There is a certain bigotry about most humorists (as of a spoiled child) which has become a little tiresome. People have come to talk as if a sense of humor were one of the cardinal virtues. To have it is to be free of a privileged class, possessed of an esoteric system of critical wisdom. To be without it is to be a wretched, matter-of-fact, utilitarian pedant. The professed humorist considers the rest of mankind as though they were deprived of a faculty, incapable of a relish for the finest literary flavors. Lamb was one of the first representatives of this theory, and is always tacitly warning off the profane vulgar, typified by the prosaic Scotchman who pointed out that his wish to see Burns instead of Burns's son was impracticable, inasmuch as the poet himself was dead. The pretension is, of course, put forward by Lamb in the most amiable way, but it remains a pretension. Most people are docile enough to accept at his own valuation, or at that of his admirers, any man who claims a special privilege, and think it wise to hold their tongues if they do not perceive it to be fully justified by the facts. But I admit that, after a certain quantity of Lamb, I begin to feel a sympathy for the unimaginative Scotchman. I think that he has something to say for himself. Lamb, for example, was a most exquisite critic of the authors in whom he delighted. Nobody has said such admirable things about the old English dramatists, and a little exaggeration may be forgiven to so genuine a worshipper. But he helped to start the nuisance of "appreciative criticism," which proceeds on the assumptive fancy that it necessarily shows equal insight and geniality to

pick up pebbles or real jewels from the rubbish heaps of time. Lamb certainly is not to be blamed for the extravagance of his followers. But this exaltation of the tastes or fancies of a little coterie has always its dangers, and that is what limits one's affection for Lamb. Nobody can delight too much in the essay upon roast pig—the apologue in which contains as much sound philosophy as fine humor—or in Mrs. Battle's opinions upon whist, or the description of Christ's Hospital, or the old benchers of the Temple, or Oxford in the long vacation. Only I cannot get rid of the feeling which besets me when I am ordered to worship the idol of any small sect. Accept their shibboleths, and everything will go pleasantly. The underlying conceit and dogmatism will only turn its pleasanter side towards you, and show itself in tingeing the admirable sentiments with a slight affectation. Yet, one wants a little more fresh air, and one does not like to admire upon compulsion. Lamb's manner is inimitably graceful; but it reminds one just a little too much of an ancient beau, retailing his exquisite compliments, and putting his hearers on their best behavior. Perhaps it shows the corruption of human nature, but I should be glad if now and then he could drop his falsetto and come out of his little entrenchment of elaborate reserve. I should feel certain that I see the natural man. "I am all over sophisticated," says Lamb, accounting for his imperfect sympathy with Quakers, "with humors, fancies craving hourly sympathy. I must have books, pictures, theatres, chit-chat, scandal, jokes, antiquities, and a thousand whim-whams which their simpler taste could do without." There are times when the simpler taste is a pleasant relief to the most skilful dandling of whim-whams; and it is at those times that one revolts not exactly against Lamb, but against the intolerance of true Lamb-worshippers.

The reader who is tired of Lamb's delicate confections, and wants a bit of genuine nature, a straightforward, uncompromising utterance of antipathy and indignation, need not go far. Hazlitt will serve his turn; and for that reason I can very often read Hazlitt with admiration when Lamb rather palls upon me. If Hazlitt has the weaknesses of a cockney, they take a very different form. He could hardly have been the ideal of any sect which did not enjoy frequent slaps in the face from the object of its worship. He has acquired, to an irritating degree, the

temper characteristic of a narrow, provincial sect. He has cherished and brooded over the antipathies with which he started, and, from time to time, has added new dislikes and taken up grudges against his old friends. He has not sufficient culture to understand fully the bearings of his own theories; and quarrels with those who should be his allies. He has another characteristic which, to my mind, is less pardonable. He is not only egotistical, which one may forgive, but there is something rather ungentlemanlike about his egotism. There is a rather offensive tone of self-assertion, thickly masked as self-depreciation. I should be slow to say that he was envious, for that is one of the accusations most easily made and least capable of being proved, against any one who takes an independent view of contemporary celebrities; but he has the tone of a man with a grievance; and the grievances are the shocks which his vanity has received from a want of general appreciation. There is something petty in the spirit which takes the world into its confidence upon such matters; and his want of reticence takes at times a more offensive form. He is one of the earliest "interviewers," and revenges himself upon men who have been more popular than himself by cutting portraits of them as they appeared to him. Altogether he is a man whom it is impossible to regard without a certain distrust; and that, as I fancy, is the true reason for his want of popularity. No literary skill will make average readers take kindly to a man who does not attract by some amiable quality.

In fact, some explanation is needed, for otherwise we could hardly account for the comparative neglect of some of the ablest essays in the language. We may be very fine fellows now, but we cannot write like Hazlitt, says a critic who is more likely than any one to falsify his own assertions. And when I take up one of Hazlitt's volumes of essays, I am very much inclined at times to agree with the assertion. They are apt, it is true, to leave a rather unpleasant flavor upon the palate. There is a certain acidity; a rather petulant putting forwards of little crotchets or personal dislikes; the arrogance belonging to all cliquishness is not softened into tacit assumption, but rather dashed in your face. But, putting this aside, the nervous vigor of the writing, the tone of strong conviction and passion which vibrates through his phrases, the genuine enthusiasm with which he celebrates the books

and pictures which he really loves, the intense enjoyment of the beauties which he really comprehends, has in it something inspiring and contagious. There is at any rate nothing finicking or affected; if he is crotchety, he really believes in his crotchets; if he deals in paradoxes, it is not that he wishes to exhibit his skill, or to insinuate a claim to originality, but that he is a vehement and passionate believer in certain prejudices which have sunk into his mind or become ingrained in his nature. If every essayist is bound to be a dealer in commonplace or in the inverse commonplace which we call a paradox, Hazlitt succeeds in giving them an interest, by a new method. It is not that he is a man of ripened meditative wisdom who has thought over them and tested them for himself; nor a man of delicate sensibility from whose lips they come with the freshness of perfect simplicity; nor a man of strong sense, who tears away the conventional illusions by which we work ourselves into complacency; not a gentle humorist, who is playing with absurdities and appeals to us to share his enjoyable consciousness of his own nonsense; it is simply that he is a man of marked idiosyncrasy whose feelings are so strong, though confined within narrow channels, that his utterances have always the emphatic ring of true passion. When he talks about one of his favorites, whether Rousseau or Mrs. Inchbald, he has not perhaps much to add to the established criticisms, but he speaks as one who knows the book by heart, who has pored over it like a lover, come to it again and again, relished the little touches which escape the hasty reader, and in writing about it is reviving the old passionate gush of admiration. He cannot make such fine remarks as Lamb; and his judgments are still more personal and dependent upon the accidents of his early studies. But they stimulate still more strongly the illusion that one has only to turn to the original in order to enjoy a similar rapture. Lamb speaks as the epicure; and lets one know that one must be a man of taste to share his fine discrimination. But Hazlitt speaks of his old enjoyments as a traveller might speak of the gush of fresh water which saved him from dying of thirst in the wilderness. The delight seems so spontaneous and natural that we fancy—very erroneously for the most part—that the spring must be as refreshing to our lips as it was to his. We are ashamed after it when we are bored by the "*Nouvelle Héloïse*."

There is the same kind of charm in the non-critical essays. We share for the moment Hazlitt's enthusiasm for the Indian jugglers, or for Cavanagh, the fives-player, whom he celebrates with an enthusiasm astonishing in pre-athletic days, and which could hardly be rivalled by a boyish idolator of Dr. Grace. We forget all our acquired prejudices to throw ourselves into the sport of the famous prize-fight between the gasman and Bill Neate; and see no incongruity between the pleasure of seeing one side of Mr. Hickman's face dashed into "a red ruin" by a single blow, and of taking a volume of Rousseau's sentimentalism in your pocket to solace the necessary hours of waiting.

It is the same, again, when Hazlitt comes to deal with the well-worn topics of commonplace essayists. He preaches upon threadbare texts, but they always have for him a strong personal interest. A commonplace maxim occurs to him, not to be calmly considered or to be ornamented with fresh illustrations, but as if it were incarnated in a flesh and blood representative, to be grappled, wrestled with, overthrown and trampled under foot. He talks about the conduct of life to his son, and begins with the proper aphorisms about industry, civility, and so forth, but as he warms to his work, he grows passionate and pours out his own prejudices with the energy of personal conviction. He talks about "effeminacy," about the "fear of death," about the "main chance," about "envy," about "egotism," about "success in life," about "depth and superficiality," and a dozen other equally unpromising subjects. We know too well what dreary and edifying meditations they would suggest to some popular essayists, and how prettily others might play with them. But nothing turns to platitude with Hazlitt; he is always idiosyncratic, racy, vigorous, and intensely eager, not so much to convince you, perhaps, as to get the better of you as presumably an antagonist. He does not address himself to the gentle reader of more popular writers, but to an imaginary opponent always ready to take up the gauntlet and to get the worst of it. Most people rather object to assuming that position, and to be pounded as if it were a matter of course that they were priggish adherents of some objectionable theory. But if you can

take him for the nonce on his own terms and enjoy conversation which courts contradiction, you may be sure of a good bout in the intellectual ring. And even his paradoxes are more than mere wanton desire to dazzle. Read, for example, the characteristic essay upon "The Pleasure of Hating," with its perverse vindication of infidelity to our old friends, and old books, and you feel that Hazlitt, though arguing himself for the moment into a conviction which he cannot seriously hold, has really given utterance to a genuine sentiment which is more impressive than many a volume of average reflection. A more frequent contrast of general sentiment might, indeed, be agreeable. And yet, in spite of the undertone of rather sullen melancholy, we must be hard to please if we are not charmed with the occasional occurrence of such passages as these: "I remember once strolling along the margin of a stream, skirted with willows and flashing ridges, in one of those sequestered valleys on Salisbury plain, where the monks of former ages had planted chapels and built hermit's cells. There was a little parish church near, but tall elms and quivering alders hid it from my sight; when, all of a sudden, I was startled by the sound of a full organ pealing on the ear, accompanied by the rustic voices and the rolling quire of village maids and children. It rose, indeed, like an inhalation of rich distilled perfumes. The dew from a thousand pastures was gathered in its softness, the silence of a thousand years spoke in it. It came upon the heart like the calm beauty of death; fancy caught the sound and faith mounted on it to the skies. It filled the valley like a mist, and still poured out its endless chant, and still it swells upon the ear and wraps me in a golden trance, drowning the noisy tumult of the world."

If the spirit of clique were invariably productive of good essay-writing, we should never be in danger of any deficiency in our supplies. But our modern cliques are so anxious to be cosmopolitan, and on a level with the last new utterance of the accepted prophet, that somehow their disquisitions seem to be wanting in individual flavor. Perhaps we have unknown prophets amongst us whose works will be valued by our grandchildren. But I will not now venture upon the dangerous ground of contemporary criticism.



From Fraser's Magazine.  
IN TRUST.

THE STORY OF A LADY AND HER LOVER.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHARLEY INTERFERES.

HEATHCOTE MOUNTFORD, however, notwithstanding the dulness and the dismal weather, and all the imperfections of the incomplete household, continued at Mount. The long blanks of country life, nothing happening from the arrival of one post to another, no stir of life about, only the unbroken stillness of the rain or the sunshine, the good or bad weather, the one tempting him out, the other keeping him within, were all novelties, though not of the heavy kind, and gave him a kind of amused-spectator consciousness of the tedium, rather than any suffering from it. He was not so easily affected as many people would be by the circumstances of external life, and knowing that he could at any moment go back to his den at the Albany, he took the much deeper seclusion of Mount as a sort of "retreat," in which he could look out upon the before and after, and if he sometimes "pined for what was not," yet could do it unenviably and unbitterly, wondering at rather than objecting to the strange misses and blunders of life. Mr. Loseby, who had tutored Anne in her duties did the same for Heathcote, showing him by what means he could "take an interest" in the dwellers upon his land, so as to be of some use to them. And he rode about the country with the land-agent, and became aware, and became proud as he became aware, of the character of his own possessions, of the old farmhouses, older than Mount itself, and the old cottages, toppling to their ruin, among which were many that Anne had doomed. Whenever he went he heard of what Miss Anne had done, and settled to do. The women in the condemned cottages told him the improvements she had promised, and he, in most cases, readily undertook to carry out these promises, notwithstanding his want of means. "They're doing it at Lilford, where Miss Anne has been and given her orders," said the women. "I don't know why there should be differences made. We're as good every bit as the Lilford folks." "But you have not got Miss Anne," said Heathcote. And then there would be an outburst of lamentations, interrupted by anxious questioning. "Why haven't we

got Miss Anne?—is it true as all the money has been left away from her?" Heathcote had a great many questions of this kind to answer, and soon began to feel that he himself was the supposed culprit to whom the estate had been "left away." "I am supposed to be your supplanter," he wrote to Anne herself, "and I feel your deputy, doing your work for you. Dear Lady of Mount, send me your orders. I will carry them out to the best of my ability. I am poor, and not at all clever about the needs of the estate, but I think, don't you think? that the great Mr. Bulstrode, who is so good as to be my agent, is something of a bully, and does not by any means do his spiriting gently. What do you think? You are not an ignoramus, like me." This letter Anne answered very fully, and it produced a correspondence between them which was a great pleasure to Heathcote, and not only a pleasure, in some respects a help, too. She approved greatly of his assumption of his natural duties upon his own shoulders, and kindly encouraged him "not to mind the bullying of the agent," the boorishness of Farmer Rawlins and the complaints of the Spriggs. In this matter of the estate, Anne felt the advantage of her experience. She wrote to him in a semi-maternal way, understanding that the information she had to give placed her in a position of superiority, while she gave it, at least. Heathcote was infinitely amused by these pretensions; he liked to be schooled by her, and made her very humble replies; but the burden of all his graver thoughts was still that regret expressed by Mr. Loseby. Why, why, had he not made his appearance a year before? But now it was too late.

Thus the winter went on. The Mountfords had gone abroad. They had been in all the places where English families go while their crape is still fresh, to Paris and Cannes, and into Italy, trying as Mrs. Mountford said, "the effect of a little change." And they all liked it, it is needless to deny. They were so unaccustomed to use their wings that the mere feeling of the first flight, the wild freedom and sense of boundless action and power over themselves, filled them with pleasure. They were not to come back till the summer was nearly over going to Switzerland for the hot weather, when Italy became too warm. They had not intended, when they set out, to stay so long, but indeed it was nearly a year from the period of Mr. Mountford's death when they



came home. They did not return to Park Lane, nor to any other settled abode, but went to one of the many hotels near Heathcote's chambers to rest for a few days before they settled what they were to do for the autumn; for it was Mrs. Mountford's desire to go "abroad" again for the winter, staying only some three months at home. When the little world about Mount heard of this, they were agitated by various feelings, desire to get them back alternating in the minds of the good people with indignation at the idea of their renewed wanderings, which were all put down to the frivolity of Mrs. Mountford; and a continually growing wonder and consternation as to the future of Anne. "She has no right to keep a poor man hanging on so long, when there can be no possible reason for it; when it would really be an advantage for her to have some one to fall back upon," Miss Woodhead said, in righteous indignation over her friend's extraordinary conduct — extraordinary as she thought it. "Rose has her mother to go with her. And I think poor Mr. Douglas is being treated very badly for my part. They ought to come home here, and stay for the three months, and get the marriage over, among their own people." Fanny Woodhead was considered through all the three adjacent parishes to be a person of great judgment, and the rector, for one, was very much impressed with this suggestion. "I think Fanny's idea should be acted upon. I think it certainly should be acted on," he said. "The year's mourning for her father will be over, if that is what they are waiting for — and look at all the correspondence she has, and the trouble. She wants somebody to help her. Some one should certainly suggest to Anne that it would be a right thing to follow Fanny Woodhead's advice." Heathcote, who, though he had allowed himself a month of the season, was back again in Mount, with a modest household gathered round him, and every indication of a man "settling down," concurred in this counsel, so far as to write, urging very warmly that Mount should be their headquarters while they remained in England. Mr. Loseby was of opinion that the match was one which never would come off at all, an idea which moved several bosoms with an unusual tremor. There was a great deal of agitation altogether on the subject among the little circle, which felt that the concerns of the Mountfords were more or less concerns of their own; and when it was known

that Charley Ashley, who was absent on his yearly holiday, was to see the ladies on his way through London, there was a general impression that something would come of it — that he would be able to set their duty before them, or to expedite the settlement of affairs in one way or another. The curate himself said nothing to any one, but he had a very serious purpose in his mind. He it was who had introduced these two to each other; his friendship had been the link which had connected Douglas — so far as affairs had yet gone, very disastrously — with the woman who had been the adoration of poor Charley's own life. He had resigned her, having neither hopes nor rights to resign, to his friend, with a generous abandonment, and had been loyal to Cosmo as to Anne, though at the cost of no little suffering to himself. But, if it were possible that Anne herself was being neglected, then Charley felt that he had a right to a word in the matter. He was experimenting sadly in French seaside amusements with his brother at Boulogne, when the ladies returned to England. Charley and Willie were neither of them great in French. They had begun by thinking all the humors of the bathing-place "fun," and laughing mightily at the men in their bathing-dresses, and feeling scandalized at their presence among the ladies in all their coquettish *costumes de bain*; but after a few days they had become very much bored, and felt the drawback of having "nothing to do;" so that, when they heard that the Mountfords had crossed the Channel and were in London, the two young men made haste to follow. It was the end of July when everybody was rushing out of town, and only a small sprinkling of semi-fashionable persons were to be seen in the scorched and baked parks. The Mountfords were understood to be in town only for a few days. It was all that any lady who respected herself could imagine possible at this time of the year.

"I suppose they'll be changed," Willie said to his brother, as they made their way to the hotel. "I have never seen them since all these changes came about; that is, I have never seen Rose. I suppose Rose won't be Rose now, to me at least. It is rather funny that such a tremendous change should come about between two times of seeing a person whom you have known all your life." By "rather funny" Willie meant something much the reverse of amusing; but that is the way of English youth. He, too, had

entertained his little dreams, which had been of a more substantial character than his brother's; for Willie was destined for the bar, and had, or believed himself to have, chances much superior to those of a country clergyman. And according to the original disposition of Mr. St. John Mountford's affairs, a rising young fellow at the bar, with Willie Ashley's hopes and connections, would have been no very bad match for little Rose. This it was that made him feel it was "funny." But still his heart was not gone altogether in one great sweep out of his breast, like Charley's. And he went to see his old friends with a little quickening of his pulse, yet a composed determination "to see if it was any use," if it seemed to him that there was still an opening. Willie was not afraid of Rose's fortune, and did not hesitate to form ulterior plans; and he stood on this great vantage ground that, if he found it was not "any use," he had no intention of breaking his heart.

When they went in, however, to the hotel sitting-room in which the Mountfords were, they found Rose and her mother with their bonnets on, ready to go out, and there were but a few minutes for conversation. Rose had grown and developed so that her old adorer scarcely recognized her for the first minute. She was in a white dress, profusely trimmed with black, and made in a fashion to which the young men were unaccustomed, the latest Parisian fashion, which they did not understand, indeed, but which roused all their English conservatism of feeling, as much as if they had understood it. "Oh, how nice of you to come to see us!" Rose cried. "Are you really passing through London, and were you at Boulogne when we came through? I never could have imagined you in France, either the one or the other. How did you get on with the talking? You could not have any fun in a place unless you understood what people were saying. Mamma, I don't think we ought to wait for Mr. Douglas; it is getting so late."

"Here is Mr. Douglas," said Mrs. Mountford; "he is always punctual. Anne is not going with us; she has so much to do—there is quite a packet of letters from Mr. Loseby. If you would rather be left off going with us, Mr. Douglas, you have only to say so; I am sure we can do very well by ourselves."

But at this suggestion Rose pouted, a change of expression which was not lost upon the anxious spectators.

"I came for the express purpose of go-

ing with you," said Cosmo; "why should I be turned off now?"

"Oh, I only thought that because of Anne; but of course you will see Anne after. Will you all, like good people, come back and dine, as we are going out now? No, Charley, I will not, indeed, take any refusal. I want to hear all about Mount, dear Mount—and what Heathcote Mountford is doing. Anne wishes us to go to Hunston; but I don't know that I should like to be so near without being at Mount."

"Is Anne too busy to see us now? I should just like to say how d'you do."

"Oh, if you will wait a little, I don't doubt that you will see her. But I am sure you will excuse us now, as we had fixed to go out. We shall see you this evening. Mind you are here by seven o'clock," cried Mrs. Mountford, shaking her fingers at them in an airy way which she had learned "abroad." And Rose said, as they went out, "Yes, do come, I want to hear all about Mount." About two minutes after they left the room Anne came in. She had not turned into a spider or wasp, like Rose in her Paris costume, but she was much changed. She no longer carried her head high, but had got a habit of bowing it slightly, which made a curious difference in her appearance. She was like a tall flower bent by the winds, bowing before them; she was more pale than she used to be; and to Charley it seemed that there was an inquiry in her eyes, which first cast one glance round, as if asking something, before they turned, with a little gleam of pleasure, to the strangers.

"You here?" said Anne. "How glad I am to see you! When did you come, and where are you staying? I am so sorry that mamma and Rose have gone out; but you must come back and see them; or will you wait? They will soon be back;" and once more she threw a glance round, investigating—as if some one could be hiding somewhere, Willie said. But his brother knew better. Charley felt that there was the bewilderment of wonder in her eyes, and felt that it must be a new experience to her that Cosmo should not wait to see her. For a moment the light seemed to fade in her face, then came back; and she sat down and talked with a subdued sweetness that went to their hearts. "Not to Mount," she said; "Heathcote is very kind, but I don't think I will go to Mount. To Hunston rather—where we can see everybody all the same."

"What is the matter with Anne?" Willie Ashley asked, wondering, when they came away. "It can't be because she has lost her money. She has no more spirit left in her. She has not a laugh left in her. What is the cause of it all?" But the curate made no answer. He set his teeth, and he said not a word. There was very little to be got out of him all that day. He went gloomily about with his brother, turning Willie's holiday into a somewhat poor sort of merry-making. And when they went to dinner with the Mountfords at night, Charley's usual taciturnity was so much aggravated that he scarcely could be said to talk at all. But the dinner was gay enough. Rose, it seemed to young Ashley, who had his private reasons for being critical, "kept it up" with Douglas in a way which was not at all pleasant. They had been together all the afternoon, and had all sorts of little recollections in common. Anne was much less subdued than in the morning, and talked like her old self, yet with a difference. It was when the party broke up, however, that Willie Ashley felt himself most ill-used. He was left entirely out in the cold by his brother, who said to him briefly, "I am going home with Douglas," and threw him on his own devices. If it had not been that some faint guess crossed the younger brother's mind as to Charley's meaning, he would have felt himself very badly used.

The curate put his arm within his friend's. It was somewhat across the grain, for he did not feel so amicable as he looked. "I am coming back with you," he said. "We have not had a talk for so long. I want to know what you've been after all this long while."

"Very glad of a talk," said Douglas, but neither was he quite as much gratified as he professed to be; "but as for coming back with me, I don't know where that is to be, for I am going to the club."

"I'll walk with you there," said Charley; however, after this announcement Cosmo changed his mind: he saw that there was gravity in the curate's intentions, and turned his steps toward his rooms. He had not been expected there, and the lamp was not lighted nor anything ready for him; and there was a little stumbling in the dark and ringing of bells before they got settled comfortably to their *tête-à-tête*. Charley seated himself in a chair by the table while this was going on, and when lights came he was discovered there as in a scene in a theatre heavy and dark in his black clothes, and

the pale desperation with which he was addressing himself to his task.

"Douglas," he said, "for a long time I have wanted to speak to you —"

"Speak away," said the other; "but have a pipe to assist your utterance, Charley. You never could talk without your pipe."

The curate put away the offered luxury with a determined hand. How much easier, how much pleasanter it would have been to accept it, to veil his purpose with the friendly nothings of conversation, and thus perhaps delude his friend into disclosures without affronting him by a solemn demand! That would have been very well had Charley had any confidence in his own powers — but he had not, and he put the temptation away from him. "No, thank you, Douglas," he said, "what I want to say is something which you may think very interfering and impertinent. Do you remember a year ago when you were at the rectory and we had a talk — one very wet night?"

"Perfectly. You were sulky because you thought I had cut you out; but you always were the best of fellows, Charley —"

"Don't talk of it like that. You might have taken my life blood from me after that, and I shouldn't have minded. That's a figure of speech. I mean that I gave up to you then what wasn't mine to give, what you had got without any help from me. You know what I mean. If you think I didn't mind, that was a mistake. A great many things have happened since then, and some things have not happened that looked as if they ought to have done so. You made use of me after that, and I was glad enough to be of use. I want to ask you one question now, Douglas. I don't say that you'll like to be questioned by me —"

"No," said Cosmo, "a man does not like to be questioned by another man who has no particular right to interfere; for I don't pretend not to understand what you mean."

"No: you can't but understand what I mean. All of us, down about Mount, take a great interest — there's never a meeting in the county of any kind but questions are always asked. As for my father, he is excited on the subject. He cannot keep quiet. Will you tell me, for his satisfaction and my own, what is going to come of it? Is anything going to come of it? I think that as old friends, and mixed up as I have been all through, I have a right to inquire."

"You mean," said Cosmo, coolly knocking a pipe upon the mantelpiece with his back turned to the questioner, whose voice was broken with emotion, and who was grasping the table nervously all the while he spoke, "you mean is marriage going to come of it? at least, I suppose that is what you mean."

The curate replied by a sort of inarticulate gurgle in his throat, an assent which excitement prevented from forming itself into words.

"Well!" said the other. He took his time to everything he did, filled the pipe aforesaid, lighted it with various long-drawn puffs, and finally seated himself at the opposite side of the dark fireplace, over which the candles on the mantelpiece threw an additional shadow. "Well! it is no such simple matter as you seem to think."

"I never said it was a simple matter; and yet when one thinks that there are other men," cried the curate, with momentary vehemence, "who would give their heads——"

Douglas replied to this outburst with a momentary laugh, which, if he had but known it, as nearly gave him over to punishment as any foolish step he ever took in his life. Fortunately for him it was very short, and in reality more a laugh of excitement than of mirth.

"Oh, there's more than one, is there?" he said. "Look here, Charley, I might refuse point-blank to answer your question. I should have a perfect right. It is not the sort of thing that one man asks another in a general way."

The curate did not make any reply, and after a moment Douglas continued, —

"But I won't. I understand your motives, if you don't understand mine. You think I am shilly-shallying, that I ought to fulfil my engagement, that I am keeping Anne hanging on."

"Don't name any names," cried Ashley hoarsely.

"I don't know how I can give you an answer without naming names; but I'll try to please you. Look here, it is not such an easy matter, plain-sailing and straightforward as you think. When I formed that engagement I was — well, just what I am now — a poor devil of a barrister, not long called, with very little money and not much to do. But, then, she was rich. Did you make a remark?"

Charley had stirred unconsciously, with a movement of indignant fury, which he was unable altogether to restrain. But he

made no answer, and Douglas continued, with a quickened and somewhat excited tone.

"I hope you don't suppose that I mean to say that had anything to do with the engagement. Stop! yes, it had. I should not have ventured to say a word about my feelings to a poor girl. I should have taken myself off as soon as they became too much for me. I don't hide the truth from you, and I am not ashamed of it. To thrust myself and her into trouble on my present income is what I never would have thought of. Well, you know all that happened as well as I do. I entreated her not to be rash, I begged her to throw me over, not so much as to think of me when her father objected. She paid no attention. I don't blame her ——"

"Blame her!"

"Those were the words I used. I don't blame her. She knew nothing about poverty. She was not afraid of it: it was rather a sort of excitement to her, as they say a revolution was to the French princesses. She laughed at it and defied her father. If you think I liked that, or encouraged that, it is a mistake; but what could I do? And what am I to do now? Can I bring her here, do you think? What can I do with her? I am not well enough off to marry. I should never have dreamt of such a thing on my own account. If you could show me a way out of it, I should be very thankful. As for working one's self into fame and fortune and all that kind of thing, you know a little what mere romance it is. Some fellows do it; but they don't marry to begin with. I am almost glad you interviewed me to get this all out. What am I to do? I know no more than you can tell me. I have got the character of playing fast and loose, of behaving badly to a girl whom I love and respect; for I do love and respect her, mind you, whatever you and your belongings may think or say."

"You could not well help yourself, so far as I can see," said the curate hotly.

"That is all you know. If you were in my place and knew the false position into which I have been brought, the expectations I have been supposed to raise, the reluctance I have seemed to show in carrying them out — by Jove! if you could only feel as I do all the miseries of my position, unable to stir a step one way or another ——"

"I know men who would give their heads to stand in your position ——"

"And what would they do in it?" asked

Douglas, pulling ineffectually at the pipe, which had long gone out. "Say yourself, for example; you are totally different — you have got your house and your settled income, and you know what is before you."

"I can't discuss it in this way. Do you imagine that I have as much to spend, to use your own argument," cried the curate, "as you have here?"

"It is quite different," Douglas said. Then he added, with a sort of dogged determination, "I am getting on. I think I am getting the ball at my foot; but to marry at present would be destruction — and to her still more than to me."

"Then the short and the long is —"

"The short and the long is exactly what I have told you. You may tell her yourself, if you please. Whatever love in a cottage may be, love in chambers is impossible. With her fortune we could have married, and it would have helped me on. Without it such a thing would be madness, ruin to me and to her too."

Charley rose up, stumbling to his feet. "This is all you have got to say?" he said.

"Yes, that is all I have got to say; and, to tell the truth, I think it is wonderfully good of me to say it, and not to show you politely to the door; but we are old friends, and you are her old friend —"

"Good-night, Douglas," the curate said abruptly.

He did not offer his friend his hand, but went out bewildered, stumbling down the stairs and out at the door. This was what he had yielded up all his hopes (but he never had any hopes) for! this was what Anne had selected out of the world. He did not go back to his hotel, but took a long walk round and round the parks in the dismal lamplight, seeing many a dismal scene. It was almost morning when his brother, utterly surprised and alarmed, heard him come in at last.

#### CHAPTER XXX.

##### THE RECTOR SATISFIED.

"No, I did not get any satisfaction; I can't say that he gave me any satisfaction," the curate said.

He had put down his pipe out of deference to his father, who had come into the little den inhabited by Charley the morning after his return. Mr. Ashley's own study was a refined and comfortable place, as became the study of a dignified clergyman; but his son had a little three-cornered room, full of pipes and papers,

the despair of every housemaid that ever came into the house. Charley had felt himself more than usually that morning in need of the solace that his pipe could give. He had returned home late the evening before, and he had already had great discussions with his brother Willie as to Rose Mountford, whom Willie on a second interview had pronounced "just as nice as ever," but whom the elder had begun to regard with absolute disgust. Willie had gone off to Hunston to execute a commission which in reality was from Anne, and which the curate had thought might have been committed to himself — to inquire into the resources of the Black Bull, where old Saymore had now for some time been landlord, and to find out whether the whole party could be accommodated there. The curate had lighted his pipe when his brother went off on this mission. He wanted it, poor fellow! He sat by the open window with a book upon the ledge, smoking out into the garden; the view was limited, a hedgerow or two in the distance, breaking the flatness of the fields, a big old walnut-tree in front shutting in one side, a clump of evergreens on the other. What he was reading was only a railway novel picked up in mere listlessness; he pitched it away into a large, untidy waste-paper basket, and put down his pipe when his father came in. The rector had not been used in his youth to such disorderly ways, and he did not like smoke.

"No, sir, no satisfaction; the reverse of that — and yet, perhaps, there is something to be said, too, on his side," the curate said.

"Something on his side! I don't know what you mean," cried his father. "When I was a young fellow, to behave in this sort of way was disgrace to an honorable man. That is to say, no honorable man would have been guilty of it. Your word was your word, and at any cost it had to be kept."

"Father," said Charley with unusual energy, "it seems to me that the most unbearable point of all this is — that you and I should venture to talk of any fellow, confound him! keeping his word and behaving honorably to — That's what I can't put up with, for my part."

"You are quite right," said the rector, abashed for the moment. And then he added pettishly, "But what can we do? We must use the common words, even though Anne is the subject. Charley, there is nobody so near a brother to her as you are, nor a father as I."



"Yes, I suppose I'm like a brother," the curate said with a sigh.

"Then tell me exactly what this fellow said."

Mr. Ashley was wound up for immediate action. Perhaps the increased tedium of life since the departure of the family from Mount had made him more willing, now when it seemed to have come to a climax, for an excitement of any kind.

"It isn't what she has a right to," said the curate, painfully impartial when he had told his tale. "She ought to be received like a blessing wherever she goes. We know that better than any one: but I don't say that Douglas doesn't know it too —"

"Don't let me hear the fellow's name!"

"That's very true, sir," said the curate, "but after all, when you come to think of it! Perhaps, nowadays, with all our artificial arrangements, you know — At least, that's what people say. He'd be bringing her to poverty to please himself. He'd be taking her out of her own sphere. She doesn't know what poverty means, that's what he says — and she laughs at it. How can he bring her into trouble which she doesn't understand — that's what he says."

"He's a fool, and a coward, and an idiot, and perhaps a knave, for anything I can tell!" cried the rector in distinct volleys. Then he cried sharply with staccato distinctness, "I shall go to town to-night."

"To-night! to-night? I don't see what you could do, sir!" said the curate, slightly wounded, with an injured emphasis on the pronoun, as much as to say, if I could not do anything how should you? But the rector shook off this protest with a gesture of impatience, and went away, leaving no further ground for remonstrance. It was a great surprise to the village generally, to hear that he was going away. Willie Ashley heard of it before he could get back from Hunston; and Heathcote Mountford in the depths of the library which, the only part of the house he had interfered with, he was now busy transforming. "The rector is going to London! It has something to do with Anne and her affairs, take my word for it!" cried Fanny Woodhead, who was so clear-sighted, "and high time that somebody should interfere!"

The rector got in very late, which, as everybody knows, is the drawback of that afternoon train. You get in so late that it is almost like a night journey; and he was not so early next morning as was

common to him. There was no reason why he should be early. He sent a note to Anne as soon as he was up to ask her to see him privately, and about eleven o'clock sallied forth on his mission. Mr. Ashley had come to town not as a peace-maker, but, as it were, with a sword of indignation in his hand. He was half angry with the peaceful sunshine and the soft warmth of the morning. It was not yet hot in the shady streets, and little carts of flowers were being driven about, and all the vulgar sounds softened by the genial air. London was out of town, and there was an air of grateful languor about everything; few carriages about the streets, but perpetual cabs loaded with luggage — pleasure and health for those who were going away, a little more room and rest for those who were remaining. But the rector was not in a humor to see the best side of anything. He marched along angrily, encouraging himself to be remorseless, not to mind what Anne might say, but if she pleaded for her lover, if she clung to the fellow, determining to have no mercy upon her. The best of women were such fools in this respect. They would not be righted by their friends; they would prefer to suffer, and defend a worthless fellow, so to speak, to the last drop of their blood. But all the same, though the rector was so angry and so determined, he was also a little afraid. He did not know how Anne would take his interference. She was not the sort of girl whom the oldest friend could dictate to — to whom he could say "Do this," with any confidence that she would do it. His breath came quick and his heart beat now that the moment approached, but "There is nobody so near a father to her as I am," he said to himself, and this gave him courage. Anne received him in a little sitting-room which was reserved to herself. She was sitting there among her papers waiting for him, and when he entered came forward quickly, holding out her hands, with some anxiety in her face. "Something has happened?" she said, she, too, with a little catching of her breath.

"No — nothing, my dear, nothing to alarm you; I mean really nothing at all, Anne — only I wanted to speak to you —"

She put him into a comfortable chair, and drew her own close to him, smiling, though still a little pale. "Then it is all pleasure," she said, "if it is not to be pain. What a long time it is since I have seen you! but we are going to



Hunston, where we shall be quite within reach. All the same you look anxious, dear Mr. Ashley—you were going to speak to me——”

“About your own affairs, my dear child,” he said.

“Ah!” a flush came over her face, then she grew paler than before. “Now I see why you look so anxious,” she said with a faint smile. “If it is only about me, however, we will face it steadily, whatever it is——”

“Anne,” cried the rector, taking both her hands in his — “Anne, my dear child! I have loved you as if you had been my own all your life.”

She thanked him with her eyes, in which there was the ghost of a melancholy smile, but did not speak.

“And I can’t bear to see you slighted, my dear. You are slighted, Anne, you whom we all think too good for a king. It has been growing more and more intolerable to me as the months have gone by. I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it any longer. I have come to say to yourself that it is not possible, that it must not go on, that it cannot be.”

Anne gave his hands which held hers a quick pressure. “Thank you,” she said, “dear Mr. Ashley, for coming to me. If you had gone to any one else I could not have borne it: but say whatever you will to me.”

Then he got up, his excitement growing. “Anne, this man stands aloof. Possessing your love, my dear, and your promise, he has — not claimed either one or the other. He has let you go abroad, he has let you come home, he is letting you leave London without coming to any decision or taking the place he ought to take by your side. Anne, hear me out; you have a difficult position, my dear; you have a great deal to do; it would be an advantage to you to have some one to act for you, to stand by you, to help you.”

“So far as that goes,” she said with a pained smile — “no; I don’t think there is very much need of that.”

“Listen to me, my dear. Rose has her mother; she does not want your personal care, so that is no excuse; and all that you have to do makes it more expedient that you should have help and support. None of us but would give you that help and support, oh! so gladly, Anne! But there is one whom you have chosen, by means of whom it is that you are in this position — and he holds back. He does not rush to your side imprudently, impatiently, as he ought. What sort of a man

is it that thinks of prudence in such circumstances? He lets you stand alone and work alone; and he is letting you go away, leave the place where he is, without settling your future, without coming to any conclusion — without even a time indicated. Oh, I have no patience with it — I cannot away with it!” said the rector, throwing up his arms, “it is more than I can put up with. And that you should be subjected to this, Anne!”

Perhaps she had never been subjected to so hard an ordeal as now. She sat with her hands tightly clasped on the table, her lips painfully smiling, a dark dew of pain in her eyes — hearing her own humiliation, her downfall from the heights of worship and service where she had been placed all her life by those who loved her, recounted like a well-known history. She thought it had been all secret to herself, that nobody had known of the wondering discoveries, the bitter findings out, the confusion of all her ideas, as one thing after another became clear to her. It was not all clear to her yet; she had found out some things, but not all. And that all should be clear as daylight to others, to the friends who she had hoped knew nothing about this! this knowledge transfixed Anne like a sword. Fiery arrows had struck into her before, winged and blazing, but now it was all one great burning, scorching wound. She held her hands clasped tight to keep herself still. She would not writhe at least upon the sword that was through her, she said to herself, and upon her lips there was the little contortion of a smile. Was it to try and make it credible that she did not believe what he was saying, or that she did not feel it, that she kept that smile? — or had it got frozen upon her lips so that the ghost could not pass away?

When he stopped at last, half frightened by his own vehemence, and alarmed at her calm, Anne was some time without making any reply. At last she said, speaking with some difficulty, her lips being dry: “Mr. Ashley, some of what you say is true.”

“Some — oh, my dear, my dear, it is all true — don’t lay that flattering unction to your soul. Once you have looked at it calmly, dispassionately——”

Here Anne broke forth into a little laugh, which made Mr. Ashley hold out his hands in eager deprecation: “Oh, don’t, my darling, don’t, don’t!”

“No,” she said; “no, no — I will not laugh — that would be too much. Am I so dispassionate, do you think? Able to

judge calmly, though the case is my own —"

"Yes, Anne," cried the old rector; his feelings were too much for him—he broke down and sobbed like a woman.

"Yes, my beautiful Anne, my dearest child! you are capable of it—you are capable of everything that is heroic. Would I have ventured to come to you but for that? You are capable of everything, my dear."

Anne waited a little longer, quite silently, holding her hands clasped tight. One thing she was not capable of, and that was to stand up. Whatever else she might be able to do, she could not do that. She said under her breath, "Wait for a moment," and then, when she had got command of herself, rose slowly and went to the table on which her papers were. There she hesitated, taking a letter out of the blotting-book—but after a moment's pause brought it to him. "I did not think I should ever show—a letter—to a third person," she said with confused utterance. Then she went back to her table, and sat down and began to move with her hands among the papers, taking up one and laying down another. The rector threw himself into the nearest chair and began to read:—

"DEAR COSMO: You will think it strange to get a long letter from me, when we met this morning; and yet, perhaps, you will not think it strange—you will know.

"In the first place let me say that there are a great many things which it will not be needful to put on paper, which you and I will understand without words. We understand—that things have not been lately as they were some time ago. It is nobody's fault; things change—that is all about it. One does not always feel the same, and we must be thankful that there is no absolute necessity that we should feel the same; we have still the full freedom of our lives, both you and I.

"This being the case, I think I should say to you that it seems to me we have made a mistake. You would naturally have a delicacy in saying it, but women have a privilege in this respect, and therefore I can take the initiative. We were too hasty, I fear; or else there were circumstances existing then which do not exist now, and which made the bond between us more practicable, more easily to be realized. This is where it fails now. It may be just the same in idea, but it has ceased to be possible to bring anything

practicable out of it; the effort would involve much more than we are willing to give, perhaps more—I speak brutally, as the French say—than it is worth.

"In these uncertainties I put it to you whether it would not be better for us in great friendship and regret to shake hands and—part? It is not a pleasant word, but there are things which are much less pleasant than any word can be, and those we must avoid at all hazards. I do not think that your present life and my present life could amalgamate anyhow—could they? And the future is so hazy, so doubtful, with so little in it that we can rely upon—the possibilities might alter, in our favor, or against us, but no one can tell, and most probably any change would be disadvantageous. On the other hand your life, as at present arranged, suits you very well, and my life suits me. There seems no reason why we should make ourselves uncomfortable, is there? by continuing, at the cost of much inconvenience, to contemplate changes which we do not very much desire, and which would be a very doubtful advantage if they were made.

"This being the case—and I think, however unwilling you may be to admit it to start with, if you ask yourself deep down in the depths of your heart, you will find that the same doubts and questions which have been agitating my mind have been in yours too, and that there is only one answer to them—don't you think my suggestion is the best? Probably it will not be pleasant to either of us. There will be the talk and the wonderings of our friends, but what do these matter? and what is far worse, a great crying out of our own recollections and imaginations against such a severance, but these, I feel sure, lie all on the surface, and if we are brave and decide upon it at once, will last as short a time as—most other feelings last in this world.

"If you agree with me, send me just three words to say so—or six, or indeed any number of words—but don't let us enter into explanations. Without anything more said, we both understand.

"Your true friend in all circumstances,  
"ANNE."

There are some names which are regal in their mere simplicity of a few letters. This signature seemed like Anne Princess or Anne Queen, to the eyes of the old man who read it. He sat with the letter in his hands for some time after he had read to the end, not able to trust his voice or even

his old eyes by any sudden movement. The writer all this time sat at her table moving about the papers. Some of the business letters which were lying there she read over. One little note she wrote a confused reply to, which had to be torn up afterward. She waited—but not with any tremor—with a still sort of aching deep down in her heart, which seemed to answer instead of beating. How is it that there is so often actual pain and heaviness where the heart lies, to justify all our metaphorical references to it? The brain does not ache when our hearts are sore; and yet they say our brains are all we have to feel with. Why should it be true, so true, to say that one's heart is heavy? Anne asked herself this question vaguely as she sat so quietly moving about her papers. Her head was as clear as yours or mine, but her heart—which, poor thing, means nothing but a bit of hydraulic machinery, and was pumping away just as usual—lay heavy in her bosom like a lump of lead.

"My dear child, my dear child!" the old rector said at length, rising up hastily and stumbling toward her, his eyes dim with tears, not seeing his way. The circumstances were far too serious for his usual exclamation of "God bless my soul!" which, being such a good wish, was more cheerful than the occasion required.

"Do you think that is sufficient?" said Anne, with a faint smile. "You see I am not ignorant of—the foundations. Do you think that will do?"

"My dear, my dear!" Mr. Ashley said. He did not seem capable of saying any more.

With that Anne, feeling very like a woman at the stake—as if she were tied to her chair, at least, and found the ropes, though they cut her, some support—took the letter out of his hand and put it into an envelope, and directed it very steadily to "Cosmo Douglas, Esq., Middle Temple." "There, that is over," she said. The ropes were cutting, but certainly they were a support. The papers before her were all mixed up and swimming about, but yet she could see the envelope—four square—an accomplished thing, settled and done with; as perhaps she thought her life too also was.

"Anne," said the old rector in his trembling voice, "my dear! I know one far more worthy of you, who would give all the world to know that he might hope——"

She put out one hand and pushed her-

self away from the table. The giddiness went off, and the papers again became perceptible before her. "You don't suppose that I—want anything to do with any man?" she said with an indignant break in her voice.

"No, my dear; of course you do not. It would not be in nature if you did not scorn and turn from—but Anne," said the old rector, "life will go on, do what you will to stand still. You cannot stand still, whatever you do. You will have to walk the same path as those that have gone before you. You need never marry at all, you will say. But after a while, when time has had its usual effect, and your grief is calmed and your mind matured, you will do like others that have gone before you. Do not scorn what I say. You are only twenty-two when all is done, and life is long, and the path is very dreary when you walk by yourself, and there is no one with you on the way."

Anne did not say anything. It was her policy and her safety not to say anything. She had come to herself. But the past time had been one of great struggle and trial, and she was worn out by it. After a while Mr. Ashley came to see that the words of wisdom he was speaking fell upon deaf ears. He talked a great deal, and there was much wisdom and experience and the soundest good sense in what he said, only it dropped half-way, as it were, on the wing, on the way to her, and never got to Anne.

He went away much subdued, just as a servant from the hotel came to get the letters for the post. Then the rector left Anne, and went to the other part of the house to pay his respects to the other ladies. They had been out all the morning, and now had come back to luncheon.

"Mr. Douglas is always so good," Mrs. Mountford said. "Fortunately, it is the long vacation; but I suppose you know that; and he can give us almost all his time, which is so good of him. It was only the afternoons in the winter that we could have. And he tells Rose everything. I tell her Mr. Douglas is more use to her than any governess she ever had."

"Is Anne never of your parties?" the rector said.

"Oh, Anne! she is always busy about something, or else she says she is busy. I am sure she need not shut herself up as she does. I wish you would speak to her. You are an old friend, and always had a great influence over Anne. She is getting really morose—quite morose—

if you will take my opinion," said Mrs. Mountford. Rose was almost as emphatic.

"I don't know what she has against me. I cannot seal myself up as she does, can I, Mr. Ashley? No, she will never come with us. It is so tiresome; but I suppose when we are in the country, which she is always so fond of, that things will change."

Just then Anne came into the room softly, in her usual guise. Mr. Ashley looked at her half in alarm. She had managed to dismiss from her voice and manner every vestige of agitation. What practice she must have had, the rector said to himself, to be able to do it!

"I hope you have had a pleasant morning," she said. She did not avoid Cosmo, but gave him her hand as simply as to the rest. She addressed him little, but still did not hesitate to address him, and once the rector perceived her looking at him unawares with eyes full of the deepest compassion. Why was she so pitiful? Cosmo did not seem to like the look. He was wistful and anxious. Already there was something, a warning of evil, in the air.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

##### FALLEN FROM HER HIGH ESTATE.

THE Black Bull at Hunston is one of those old inns which have been superseded, wherever it is practicable, by new ones, and which are in consequence eagerly resorted to by enlightened persons, wherever they are to be found; but there was nobody in Hunston, beyond the ordinary little country town visitors, to appreciate its comfortable old rooms, old furniture, and old ways. When there was a county ball, the county people who had daughters engaged rooms in it occasionally, and the officers from Scarlett-town filled up all the corners. But county balls were rare occurrences, and there had not been yet under the *régime* of old Saymore a single instance of exceptional gayety or fullness. So that, though it was highly respectable, and the position of landlord one of ease and dignity, the profits had been as yet limited. Saymore himself, however, in the spotless perfection of costume which he had so long kept up at Mount, and with his turn for artistic arrangements, and general humble following of the "fads" of his young ladies, was in himself a model of a master for a Queen Anne house (though not in the least what the prototype of that character

would have been), and was in a fair way to make his house everything which a house of that period ought to be. And though Keziah, in the most fashionable of nineteenth-century dresses, was a decided anachronism, yet her little face was pleasant to the travellers, arriving hot and dusty on an August evening, and finding in those two well-known figures a something of home which went to their hearts. To see Saymore at the carriage door made Mrs. Mountford put her handkerchief to her eyes, a practice which she had given up for at least six months past. And, to compare small things with great, when Keziah showed them to their rooms, notwithstanding the pride of proprietorship with which she led the way, the sight of Anne and Rose had a still greater effect upon little Mrs. Saymore; Rose especially, in her Paris dress, with a waist like nothing at all—whereas to see Keziah, such a figure! She cried, then dried her tears, and recollected the proud advances in experience and dignity she had made, and her responsibilities as head of a house, and all her plate and linen, and her hopes; so much had she gone through, while with them everything was just the same; thus pride on one side in her own second chapter of life, and envy on the other of the freedom of their untouched lives produced a great commotion in her. "Mr. Saymore and me, we thought this would be the nicest for Miss Anne, and I put you here, Miss Rose, next to your mamma. Oh yes, I am very comfortable. I have everything as I wish for. Mr. Saymore don't deny me nothing—he'd buy me twice as many things as I want, if I'd let him. How nice you look, Miss Rose, just the same, only nicer; and such style! Is that the last fashion? It makes her look just nothing at all, don't it, Miss Anne? Oh, when we was all at Mount, how we'd have copied it, and twisted it, and changed it to look something the same, and not the least the same—but I've got to dress up to forty and look as old as I can now."

Saymore came into the sitting-room after them with his best bow, and that noiseless step, and those ingratiating manners which had made him the best of butlers. "I have nothing to find fault with, ma'am," he said. "I've been very well received, very well received. Gentlemen as remembered me at Mount has been very kind. Mr. Loseby, he has many a little luncheon here. 'I'll not bother my old housekeeper,' he says, when he has gentlemen come sudden'

"I'll just step over to my old friend Saymore. Saymore knows how to send up a nice little lunch, and he knows a good glass of wine when he sees it." That's exactly what Mr. Loseby said, no more than three days ago. But business is quiet," Saymore added. "I don't complain, but things is quiet; we'd be the better, ma'am, of a little more stir here."

"But I hope you find everything comfortable—at home, Saymore?" said his former mistress. "You know I always told you it was an experiment. I hope you find everything comfortable at home."

"Meaning Mrs. Saymore, ma'am," replied the landlord of the Black Bull with dignity. "I'm very glad to say as she have given me and everybody great satisfaction. She is young, but that is a fault, as I made so bold as to observe to you, ma'am, on a previous occasion, a fault as is sure to mend. I've never repented what I did when I married. She's as nice as possible down-stairs, but never too nice—giving herself no airs, but keeping her own place. She's given me every satisfaction," said Saymore with much solemnity. In the mean time Keziah was giving her report on the other side of the question up-stairs.

"No, Miss Anne. I can't say as I've repented. Oh, no, I've never repented. Mr. Saymore is very much respected in Hunston—and there's never a day that he don't bring me something, a ribbon or a new collar, or a story-book if he can't think of nothing else. It was a little disappointing when mother was found not to do in the kitchen. You see, Miss Anne, we want the best of cooking when strangers come, and mother, she was old-fashioned. She's never forgiven me, though it wasn't my fault. And Tommy, he was too mischievous for a waiter. We gave him a good long try, but Mr. Saymore was obliged at last to send him away. Mother says she don't see what it's done for her, more than if I had staid at Mount—but I'm very comfortable myself, Miss Anne," said Keziah, with a cursey and a tear.

"I am very glad to hear it; and I hope you'll be still happier by-and-by," said Anne, retiring to the room which was to be hers, and which opened from the little sitting-room in which they were standing. Rose remained behind for further talk and gossip. And when all the news was told Keziah returned to her admiration of the fashion of Rose's gown.

"Are they all made like that now, in Paris? Oh dear, I always thought when

you went to France I'd go too. I always thought of Paris. But it wasn't to be."

"You see, Keziah, you liked Saymore best," said Rose, fixing her mischievous eyes upon Keziah's face, who smiled a little sheepish smile, and made a half-pathetic appeal with her eyes, but did not disown the suggestion, which flattered her vanity if not her affection.

"You are as blooming as a Rose, miss—as you always was," said Keziah, "but what's Miss Anne been a-doing to herself? She's like a white marble image in a church; I never saw her that pale."

"Hush!" cried Rose, in a whisper, pointing to the door behind them, by which Anne had disappeared; and then she came close to the questioner with much pantomime and mystery. "Don't say a word, Keziah. It is all broken off. She has thrown the gentleman over. Hush, for Heaven's sake, don't say a word!"

"You don't mean it, Miss Rose. Broken off! Mr. Dou——"

Rose put her hand on the little landlady's mouth. "She must not hear we are talking of her. She would never forgive me. And besides, I don't know—it is only a guess; but I am quite sure." Keziah threw up her hands and her eyes. "All broken off—thrown the gentleman over! Is there some one else?" she whispered, trembling, thinking with mingled trouble and complacency of her own experiences in this kind, and of her unquestioned superiority nowadays to the lover whom she had thrown over—the unfortunate Jim.

"No, no, no," said Rose, making her mouth into a circle, and shaking her head. No other! No richer, better, more desirable lover! This was a thing that Keziah did not understand. Her face grew pale with wonder, even with awe. To jilt a gentleman for your own advancement in life, that might be comprehensible—but to do it to your own damage, and have cheeks like snowflakes in consequence—that was a thing she could not make out. It made her own position, with which she was already satisfied, feel twice as advantageous and comfortable; even though her marriage had not turned out so well for mother and the boys as Keziah had once hoped.

Mr. Loseby came across the street, humming a little tune, to join them at dinner. He was shining from top to toe in his newest black suit, all shining from his little varnished shoes to his bald head, and with the lights reflected in his spec-



tacles. It was a great day for the lawyer, who was fond of both the girls, and who had an indulgent amity, mingled with contempt, for Mrs. Mountford herself, such as men so often entertain for their friends' wives. He was triumphant in their arrival, besides, and very anxious to secure that they should return to the neighborhood and settle among their old friends. He too, however, after his first greetings were over, was checked in his rejoicings by the paleness of his favorite. "What have you been doing to Anne?" were, after his salutations, the first words he said.

"If anything has been done to her, it is her own doing," said Mrs. Mountford with a little indignation.

"Nothing has been done to me," said Anne with a smile. "I hear that I am pale, though I don't notice it. It is all your letters, Mr. Loseby, and the business you give me. I have to let mamma and Rose go to their dissipations by themselves."

"Our dissipations! You do not suppose I have had spirits for much dissipation," said Mrs. Mountford, now fully reminded of her position as a widow, and with her usual high sense of duty, determined to live up to it. She pressed her handkerchief upon her eyelids once more, after the fashion she had dropped. "But it is true that I have tried to go out a little," she added, "more than I should have done at home—for Rose's sake."

"You were quite right," said the lawyer; "the young ones cannot feel as we do, they cannot be expected to go on in our groove. And Rose is blooming like her name. But I don't like the looks of Anne. Have I been giving you so much business to do? But then, you see, I expected that you would have Mr. Douglas close at hand, to help you. Indeed, my only wonder was —"

Here Mr. Loseby broke off, and had a fit of coughing, in which the rest of the words were lost. He had surprised a little stir in the party, a furtive interchange of looks between Mrs. Mountford and Rose. And this roused the alarm of the sympathetic friend of the family, who, indeed, had wondered much—as he had begun to say.

"No," said Anne with a smile, "you know I was always a person of independent mind. I always liked to do my work myself. Besides, Mr. Douglas has his own occupations, and the chief part of the time we have been away."

"To be sure," said Mr. Loseby. He was

much startled by the consciousness which seemed to pervade the party, though nothing more was said. Mrs. Mountford became engrossed with her dress, which had caught in something, and Rose, though generally very determined in her curiosity, watched Anne, the spectator perceived, from under her eyelids. Mr. Loseby took no notice externally. "That's how it always happens," he said cheerfully; "with the best will in the world we always find that our own business is as much as we can get through. I have found out that to my humiliation a hundred times in my life."

"These questions about the leases are the most difficult," said Anne steadily. "I suppose the old tenants are not always the best."

"My dear, I hope in these bad times we may get tenants at all, old or new," said the old lawyer. And then he plunged into the distresses of the country, the complaints of the farmers, the troubles of the laborers, and the still greater trials of the landlords. "Your cousin Heathcote has made I don't know how much reduction. I am not at all sure that he is right. It is a dreadfully bad precedent for other landlords. As for himself he simply can't afford it. But I cannot get him to hear reason. 'What does it matter to me?' he says. 'I have always enough to live on, and those that till the land have the best right to any advantage they can get out of it.' What can you say to a man that thinks like that? I tell him he is a fool for his pains; but it is I who am a fool for mine, for he takes no notice though I talk myself hoarse."

"Indeed, I think it is very unjustifiable conduct," said Mrs. Mountford. "He should think of those who are to come after him. A man has no right to act in that way as if he stood by himself. He ought to marry and settle down. I am sure I hope he will have heirs of his own, and not leave the succession to that horrid little Edward. To think of a creature like that in Mount would be more than I could bear."

"I doubt if Heathcote will ever marry; not unless he gets the one woman—but we don't all get that even when we are the most lucky," said the old lawyer briskly. "He is crotchety, crotchety, full of his own ideas; but a fine fellow all the same."

"Does he want to marry more than one woman?" cried Rose, opening great eyes, "and you talk of it quite coolly, as if it was not anything very dreadful; but of



course he can't, he would be hanged or something. Edward is not so bad as mamma says. He is silly; but, then, they are mostly silly." She had begun to feel that she was a person of experience, and justified in in letting loose her opinion. All this time it seemed to Mr. Loseby that Anne was going through her part like a woman on the stage. She was very quiet; but she seemed to insist with herself upon noticing everything, listening to all that was said, giving her assent or objection. In former times she had not been at all so particular, but let the others chatter with a gentle indifference to what they were saying. She seemed to attend to everything, the table, and the minutiae of the dinner, letting nothing escape her to-night.

"I think Heathcote is right," she said, "Edward will not live to succeed him; and, if he does not marry, why should he save money and pinch others now, on behalf of a future that may never come? What happens if there is no heir to an entail? Could it not all be eaten up, all consumed, reabsorbed into the country, as it were, by the one who is last?"

"Nonsense, Anne. He has no right to be the last. No one has any right to be the last. To let an old family die down," cried Mrs. Mountford, "it is a disgrace. What would dear papa have said? When I remember what a life they all led me because I did not have a boy—as if it had been my fault! I am sure if all the hair off my head, or anything I cared for in my wardrobe, or anything in the world I had, could have made Rosie a boy, I would have sacrificed it. I must say that if Heathcote does not marry I shall think I have been very badly used; though, indeed, his might all be girls too," she added, half hopefully, half distressed. "Anyhow the trial ought to be made." Notwithstanding the danger to the estate, it would have been a little consolation to Mrs. Mountford if Heathcote on marrying had been found incapable, he also, of procuring anything more than girls from fate.

"When an heir of entail fails —" Mr. Loseby began, not unwilling to expound a point on which he was an authority; but Rose broke in and interrupted him, never having had any wholesome fear of her seniors before her eyes. Rose wanted to know what was going to be done now they were here? if they were to stay all the autumn in the Black Bull? if they were to take a house anywhere? and generally what they were to

do? This gave Mr. Loseby occasion to produce his scheme. There was an old house upon the property, which had not been entailed, which Mr. Mountford had bought with his first wife's money, and which was now the inheritance of Rose. It had been suffered to fall out of repair, but it was still an inhabitable house. "You know it, Anne," the lawyer said; "it would be an amusement to you all to put it in order. A great deal could be done in a week or two. I am told there is no amusement like furnishing, and you might make a pretty place of it." The idea, however, was not taken up with very much enthusiasm.

"In all probability," Mrs. Mountford said, "we shall go abroad again for the winter. The girls like it, and it is very pleasant, when one can, to escape from the cold."

The discussion of this subject filled the rest of the evening. Mr. Loseby was very anxious on his side. He declared that it did not bind them to anything, that to have a house, a *pied à terre*, "even were it only to put on your cards," was always an advantage. After much argument it was decided at last that the house at Lilford, an old dower-house, and bearing that picturesque name, should be looked at before any conclusion was come to, and with this Mr. Loseby took his leave. Anne had taken her full share in the discussion. She had shown all the energy that her rôle required. She had put in suggestions of practical weight with a leaning to the Dower-house, and had even expressed a little enthusiasm about that last popular plaything—a house to furnish—which nowadays has become the pleasantest of pastimes. "It shall be Morris-ey, but not too Morris-ey," she had said with a smile, still in perfect fulfillment of her rôle. But to see Anne playing at being Anne had a wonderful effect upon her old friend. Her stepmother and sister, being with her perpetually, did not perhaps so readily suspect the fine histrionic effort that was going on by their side. It was a fine performance; but such a performance is apt to make the enlightened beholder's heart ache. When he had taken his leave of the other ladies—early, as they were tired, or supposed it right to be tired, with their journey—Anne followed Mr. Loseby out of the room. She asked him to come into another close by. "I have something to say to you," she said with a faint smile. Mr. Loseby, like the old rector, was very fond of Anne. He had seen her grow up

from her infancy. He had played with her when she was a child, and carried her sugarplums in his coat-pockets. And he had no children of his own to distract his attention from his favorite. It troubled him sadly to see signs of trouble about this young creature whom he loved.

"What is it, Anne? What is it, my dear? Something has happened?" he said.

"No, nothing of consequence. That is not true," she said hurriedly; "it is something, and something of consequence. I have not said anything about it to them. They suspect, that is all; and it does not matter to them; but I want to tell you. Mr. Loseby, you were talking to-night of Mr. Douglas. It is about Mr. Douglas I want to speak to you."

He looked at her very anxiously, taking her hand into his. "Are you going to be married?"

Anne laughed. She was playing Anne more than ever; but, on the whole, very successfully. "Oh, no," she said, "quite the reverse —"

"Anne! do you mean that he has — that you have — that it is broken off?"

"The last form is the best," she said. "It is all a little confused just yet. I can't tell if he has, or if I have. But yes — I must do him justice; it is certainly not his doing. I am wholly responsible myself. It has come to an end."

She looked into his face wistfully, evidently fearing what he would say, deprecating, entreating. If only nothing might be said! And Mr. Loseby was confounded. He had not been kept up like the others to the course of affairs.

"Anne, you strike me dumb. You take away my breath. What! he whom you have sacrificed everything for: he who has cost you all you have in the world? If it is a caprice, my dear girl, it is a caprice utterly incomprehensible; a caprice I cannot understand."

"That is exactly how to call it," she said, eagerly; "a caprice, an unpardonable caprice. If Rose had done it, I should have whipped her, I believe; but it is I, the serious Anne, the sensible one, that have done it. This is all there is to say. I found myself out, fortunately, before it was too late. And I wanted you to know."

In this speech her powers almost failed her. She forgot her part. She played not Anne, but some one else, some perfectly artificial character, which her audience was not acquainted with, and Mr. Loseby was startled. He pushed away

his spectacles, and contracted his brows, and looked at her with his keen, short-sighted eyes, which, when they could see anything, saw very clearly. But with all his gazing he could not make the mystery out. She faced him now, after that one little failure, with Anne's very look and tone, a slight, fugitive, somewhat tremulous smile about her mouth, her eyes wistful, deprecating blame; but always very pale: that was the worst of it, that was the thing least like herself.

"After losing," said the lawyer slowly, "everything you had in the world for his sake."

"Yes," Anne said with desperate composure, "it is ridiculous, is it not? Perhaps it was a little to have my own way, Mr. Loseby. Nobody can tell how subtle one's mind is till one has been tried. My father defied me, and I suppose I would not give in; I was very obstinate. It is inconceivable what a girl will do. And then we are all obstinate, we Mountfords. I have heard you say so a hundred times; pig-headed, was not that the word you used?"

"Most probably it was the word I used. Oh, yes, I know you are obstinate. Your father was like an old mule, but you, you — I declare to you I do not understand it, Anne."

"Nor do I, myself," she said with another small laugh, a very small laugh, for Anne's strength was going. "Can any one understand what another does, or even what they do themselves? But it is so; that is all there is to say."

Mr. Loseby walked about the room in his distress. He thrust up his spectacles till they formed two gleaming globes on the shining firmament of his baldness. Sometimes he thrust his hands behind him under his coat-tails, sometimes clasped them in front of him, wringing their plump joints. "Sacrificed everything for it," he said, "made yourself a beggar! and now to go and throw it all up. Oh, I can't understand it, I can't understand it! there's more in this than meets the eye."

Anne did not speak — truth to tell, she could not — she was past all histrionic effort. She propped herself up against the arm of the sofa, against which she was standing, and endured, there being nothing more that she could do.

"Why — why," cried Mr. Loseby, "child, couldn't you have known your own mind? A fine property! It was bad enough, however you chose to look at it, but at least one thought there was some-

thing to set off against the loss — now it's all loss, no compensation at all. It's enough to bring your father back from his grave. And I wish there was something that would," said the little lawyer vehemently; "I only wish there was something that would. Shouldn't I have that idiotical will changed as fast as pen could go to paper! Why, there's no reason for it now, there's no excuse for it. Oh, don't speak to me, I can't contain myself! I tell you what, Anne," he cried, turning upon her, seizing one of the hands with which she was propping herself up, and wringing it in his own, "there's one thing you can do, and only one thing, to make me forgive you all the trouble you have brought upon yourself; and that is to marry, straight off, your cousin, Heathcote Mountford, the best fellow that ever breathed."

"I am afraid," said Anne faintly, "I cannot gratify you in that, Mr. Loseby." She dropped away from him and from her support, and sank upon the first chair. Fortunately he was so much excited himself, that he failed to give the same attention to her looks.

"That would make up for much," he said; "that would cover a multitude of sins."

Anne scarcely knew when he went away, but he did leave her at last seated there, not venturing to move. The room was swimming about her, dark, bare, half lighted, with its old painted walls. The prints hung upon them seemed to be moving round her, as if they were the decorations of a cabin at sea. She had got through her crisis very stoutly, without, she thought, betraying herself to anybody. She said to herself vaguely, always with a half smile, as being her own spectator, and more or less interested in the manner in which she acquitted herself, that every spasm would probably be a little less violent, as she had heard was the case in fevers. And, on the whole, the spasm like this, which prostrated her entirely and left her blind and dumb for a minute or two to come to herself by degrees, was less wearing than the interval of dead calm and pain that came between. This it was that took the blood from her cheeks. She sat still for a few minutes in the old-fashioned armchair, held up by its hard yet comforting support, with her back turned to the table and her face to the half-open door. The very meaninglessness of her position, thus reversed from all use and wont, gave a forlorn completeness to her desolation — turned

away from the table, turned away from everything that was convenient and natural; her fortune given away for the sake of her love, her love sacrificed for no reason at all, the heavens and the earth all misplaced and turning round. When Anne came to herself the half smile was still upon her lip with which she had been regarding herself, cast off on all sides, without compensation — losing everything. Fate seemed to stand opposite to her, and the world and life, in which, so far as appearance went, she had made such shipwreck. She raised herself up a little in her chair and confronted them all. Whatever they might do, she would not be crushed, she would not be destroyed. The smile came more strongly to the curves of her mouth, losing its pitiful droop. Looking at herself again, it was ludicrous; no wonder Mr. Loseby was confounded. Ludicrous — that was the only word. To sacrifice everything for one thing; to have stood against the world, against her father, against everybody, for Cosmo; and then by-and-by to be softly detached from Cosmo, by Cosmo himself, and allowed to drift, having lost everything, having nothing. Ludicrous — that was what it was. She gave a little laugh in the pang of revival. A touch with a red-hot iron might be as good as anything to stimulate failing forces, and string loose nerves. Ice does it — a plunge into an icy stream. Thus she mused, getting confused in her thoughts. In the mean time Rose and Mrs. Mountford were whispering with grave faces. "Is it a quarrel, or is it for good? I hope you hadn't anything to do with it," said the mother much troubled. "How should I have anything to do with it?" said innocent Rose; "but all the same, I am sure it is for good."

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From The Cornhill Magazine.

OLD ENGLISH CLANS.

IF any educated Englishman were to look now for the first time at a map of England, as he might look at a map of central Africa or of the Sandwich Islands, there is one point about our local nomenclature which could hardly fail at once to force itself upon his attention, and that is the great prevalence of clan-names. Of course he could not tell instinctively that they *were* clan-names, any more than most of us suspect the early existence of clans in England at all; but he would certainly

observe a large number of towns or villages having names of a type whereof Birmingham, Nottingham, Wellington, and Farrington may be taken as familiar examples. Scattered up and down over the face of the map he would find them by dozens; sometimes in the simple form, as at Reading, Woking, Ealing, Barking, and Wapping; sometimes with the termination *ham*, as at Buckingham, Farn- ington, Framlingham, and Uppingham; sometimes with the equally transparent *ton*, as at Kensington, Islington, Allington, Haddington, and Leamington; and sometimes with various assorted suffixes, such as Billingham, Hemingford, Illingworth, Basingstoke, Ovingdean, and Sittingbourne. If he further extended his inquiry so as to examine in detail the towns and villages of a single county, he could find in Kent alone no less than sixty names of the same type, and in Lincolnshire seventy-six. Sussex, again, has sixty eight, of which the most familiar are Hastings, Worthing, Lancing, Goring, Angmering, Patching, Poling, Hollington, Rottingdean, Piddinghoe, and Billingham. Supposing our imaginary investigator to collect all the names of this sort which he could extract from the Ordnance Survey of England, he would finally reach a grand total of thirteen hundred and twenty-nine, which would be considerably increased if he also searched the lowland counties of Scotland. By this time a flash of inspiration might not improbably suggest to his mind the notion that some underlying principle governed and regulated this chaos of names; and what this principle might be would naturally form the subject of his next inquiry. If I have succeeded in arousing a similar curiosity by this introductory paragraph in the minds of any of my readers, then, to quote from the preface of thirty thousand separate works now lying buried in the recesses of the British Museum, "this treatise will not have been written in vain."

Suppose, again, the earnest student of nomenclature, whose existence I have thus postulated, were to classify alphabetically all the names which he had collected, he would soon find that several of them turned up, in similar or analogous forms, in widely different counties. Thus he would meet with a Bassingbourn in Cambridgeshire, a Bassingfield in Notts, a Basingham and a Bassingthorpe in Lincoln, and a Bassington in Northumberland. Side by side with these he would naturally place Basing and Basing-

stoke in Hants, if not also Bessingby in Yorkshire, and Bessingham in Norfolk. Bearing in mind the golden rule — slightly paraphrased from Voltaire — that spelling counts for nothing and pronunciation for very little, he would naturally identify Lymington in Hampshire with Leamington in Warwick, and would regard Ardington in Berks as a mere by-form of Hardington in Somerset. When he had got so far, it would certainly occur to him that Basing and Lyming and Harding must once have had some meaning of their own, and must have been given as names or parts of names to places for some sufficient and sensible reason. Before long, if he pushed his inquiries in the right direction, he would find out that they were originally the patronymics of certain old English clans; and as the history of these clans is full of all kinds of interest for all of us, in many different ways, I propose here to tell as much about them as can now be recovered by modern criticism, premising that we shall still find their traces unexpectedly present amongst us in hundreds of small and curious matters.

Though the word clan comes to us from Celtic sources, and though most people usually associate the organization which it denotes with the Celtic race alone, yet everybody now knows that the clan system is one long common to the whole Aryan race. We get it alike in the Hindu *gotra*, in the Greek *genos*, in the Roman *gens*, and in the Gaelic *sept*; and though in the Teutonic stock its memory died out in an earlier stage of development, owing, no doubt, to the strong individuality of the Teutonic mind, yet it has left behind it enduring marks on nomenclature and custom both in Germany, in Scandinavia, and in our own England. In the very earliest documents which we possess of our old English ancestors — rude songs composed by the heathen minstrels while yet the English and the Saxons dwelt together by the marshes of Sleswick and along the sand-flats of the Frisian coast — we see the clan organization in full working order among them. The "Traveler's Song," one of these early Anglo-Saxon poems brought over to Britain by our Teutonic forefathers (for we had Celtic forefathers as well, in spite of Mr. Freeman and Mr. Green), at the time of their exodus from their old Continental home, contains the earliest names of clans which we possess, — the Herelingas, or Harlings; the Baningas, or Bannings; the Hælsingas, or Helsingas; the Hocin-

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gas, or Hockings; and many others of like sort. Among them are the Myringas, or Merwings, whom in their Gallicized or Romanized form of Merovingians we all know so well as the earliest royal race of the kindred Franks. Similarly, in the grand old English epic of "Beowulf"—the Anglo-Saxon Iliad—a rough and jerky alliterative poem modernized and Christianized from an ancient heathen chant by an editor of the age of Alfred, we find mention of other clans—the Brentings, the Scyldings, the Scylfings, the Wælsings, the Wylfings, and so forth. Nay, the very earliest specimen of the English tongue which we possess consists of some runes engraved on a golden drinking-horn disenhumed in the old England of our ancestors by the Baltic shore, and bearing in very ancient English the personal name and the clan-name of its maker: "I, Hlewgast the Holting, made this horn."

And now, what is the meaning of these clan titles? Well, they seem to be very much the same in sense as the Scotch Macs and the Irish O's. They are for the most part simply patronymics, and the syllable by which they are formed is always used in early English (or Anglo-Saxon, if you prefer to call it so) to denote descent or parentage. Thus, the English Chronicle usually gives a pedigree in the following manner—of course ending, as is proper, with Woden, the chief of the heathen gods, who was afterwards degraded to the position of general progenitor of all royal or respectable families: "Ida," it says of the first Northumbrian king at Bamborough, "Ida was Eoping; Eoppa was Esing; Esa was Inguing; Ingui was Angenwiting; Angenwit was Alocing; Aloc was Benocing; Benoc was Branding; Brand was Bealdaging; Bealdag was Wodening." Dozens of such genealogies (always ending after the orthodox fashion with Woden, as later Scotch genealogies end with Noah or Adam) are to be found in the English Chronicle and other old documents: they sufficiently show what was the ordinary meaning attached by old English minds to names of this class.

At the same time it should be added that a few similar words with the same termination seem to bear a slightly different meaning. Thus, the Kentings are merely the men of Kent, not the sons of a person of that name; the Wimbeduningas, who occur in a Surrey charter, must clearly be the inhabitants of Wimbedon; the Wealhþingas must be

those of Waltham; and the Suthtuningas must be the good people of South-town, or Sutton. The various grants of land given by early English kings supply us with at least twenty such cases; but they can easily be distinguished from the real clan patronymics, because they are always compounded from the names of places, which is never the case in true clan titles. As we shall see hereafter that each clan lived together in a single place, to which it gave its own name, this easy transference of meaning does not really introduce any element of difficulty into the question. It is a simple matter to separate the men of Bromley and the men of Lambourne from the sons of Fitela and the sons of Scyld.

Even where the names are truly patronymic, however, they must, perhaps, only be accepted as representing the tradition or mythical belief of the clan, and not necessarily its real historical pedigree. Many of the families trace their descent to heroes of the old Teutonic epic cycles, whose names occur again and again in the "Nibelungen Lied," the Scandinavian sagas, and the early English poems; and though I myself am strongly inclined to believe heretically, with Mr. Herbert Spencer, that these heroes are real men seen through the mists of poetical fable, like Charlemagne and Virgil in the tales of mediæval romancers, yet I have the fear of Professor Max Müller and the orthodox mythologists too vividly before my eyes publicly to inculcate my own rebellious opinions in this magazine. Let me be really ever so sure that the Teutonic tales are distorted stories told about real personages, I shall nevertheless dissemble in public, and pretend that I believe them to be solar myths. However this may be, indeed, the clans themselves had no doubt at all about the question. A large number of them believed themselves to be lineally and literally descended from birds, beasts, fishes, or plants. They were, in short, totemists, and of their totemism many traces still remain in the names of English towns and villages.

Totemism exists in modern times amongst the American Indians, the Australian Black-fellows, and many other savage races. Each clan holds itself to be descended from some particular plant or animal, whose name it bears; and members of the clan are never allowed to pick the plant or eat the animal which forms their totem. Thus, the Kangaroos may not feast on Kangaroo hams. The Bechu-



anas are debarred from the natural enjoyment of roast crocodile; and the Black-snakes can never taste the native Australian dainty whose name they bear. The Swans must abstain from swan-flesh; and the Turtles may eat members of a hostile tribe, but must not indulge in calipash or calipee. Now, most modern Englishmen are a little unwilling to believe that their ancestors in the days of Hengest and Horsa (whose names I mention, as the lawyers say, "without prejudice") were still at this same low stage of intellectual and social development. These things may be thought and done, they imagine, among the naked Tasmanians and the savage South Africans; they may even commend themselves to the poor Indian's untutored mind; but they cannot have been seriously held as true by any descendant of that apotheosized barbarian — Professor Max Müller's pet *protégé* — our own beloved Aryan ancestor. The fact is, however, our Aryan ancestor in person, as Mr. McLennan and Mr. Lang have sworn, was a most undoubted totemist; and even our far later Anglo-Saxon progenitor, when he first landed in Britain, was a very fair specimen of an untamed barbarian indeed. He tattooed his face, like the æsthetic New Zealander; he captured his wife by main force, like the unsophisticated Australian; and he lighted the need-fire with a wooden drill, like the primitive Hindu. It was only at a later date, when missionaries from civilized Rome and civilized Ireland had introduced a little southern and Celtic culture, that the gentler Christian Anglo-Saxon took to buying his wife with so many head of cattle, like the commercial Zulu, instead of stunning her with a club like the simple-minded Australian; and to painting his face in stripes, like the intelligent Redskin, instead of pricking it with a needle, like the amiable Polynesian: and therefore there is nothing out of keeping with Anglo-Saxon culture (or want of it) in the fact that many clan-names were derived from obvious totems. Mr. Kemble, to whose great work I owe endless obligations in this paper, has collected a long list of early English clans, and from them I shall pick out such as seem to me most certainly to bear patronymics derived from a supposed plant or animal progenitor.\*

Among the most sacred animals of the Aryan race the horse certainly takes the

first rank. Even in the old Hindu poems the sacrifice of a horse forms the highest ceremony of the primitive Aryan religion; and we learn from Tacitus that the Germans of his time kept white horses in the temple enclosures at the public expense, and took auguries from their snortings and neighings. The horse was always buried by the dead warrior's side, and still accompanies the military funeral to his master's grave. Even in our own day, a horseshoe is a lucky object, and the horse shares to some extent in the feeling for the sanctity of life. Among the Low Dutch and early English tribes near the old mouths of the Rhine and the Elbe, the horse seems to have been specially sacred. A white horse rampant forms even now the cognizance of Hanover and Brunswick. When the Jutes, Saxons, and English came to the land which was to be called after them England, they brought with them their emblem of the white horse, which serves in modern times as the ensign of Kent, the earliest Teutonic kingdom in Britain. Their leaders, real or mythical, bore the names of Hengest and Horsa, the stallion and the mare. Many of the places connected with the legendary tale of the conquest have names compounded with the word horse, as at Horstead, Horsted-keynes, Horsham, and Horsley. The progress inland of the West Saxons seems to be marked by the white horses cut into the chalk downs of Wantage and Westbury. The final victory of Ecgbert over the West Welsh, or Cornish, was won at Hengestesdun in Cornwall, now Hingston — that is to say, Horse-down; whence the surnames Hingeston and Hingston. In short, the horse, or Horsa, and the stallion, or Hengest — man or animal, as you will — are mixed up with all the story of the English conquest of south Britain, and even when the missionaries first came the eating of horse-flesh was made by them the chief test of adherence to English heathendom.

Now, the sons of the horse, or the Horsings, though no mention occurs of them in our documents, have left their mark at two places called Horsington, one of them in Lincolnshire, and the other in Somerset. Almost as sacred as the horse among animals was the ash among trees; and the son of Hengest who succeeded him as king of Kent was named Æsc or Ash, from whom the subsequent Kentish kings were called Æscings or Ashings. (The Anglo-Saxons spelt almost as vilely as Mr. Isaac

\* The idea of this analysis was suggested to me by a remark in Mr. Lang's learned and scholarly *Prolegomena to Aristotle's "Politics."*

Pitman and the spelling reformers, and the best way for a modern reader to do is to dismiss their orthography summarily, and read the words at once as if they were latter-day English.) One of Mr. Kemble's charters contains a mention of certain other Æscings in Surrey, and the clan has left its name in a slightly corrupted form at Ashendon in Bucks and elsewhere.\* The Berings, or sons of the bear, mentioned in another charter, have perhaps stamped their name upon four spots called Berrington in the counties of Durham, Gloucester, Salop, and Worcester respectively. The Buccings, or sons of the buck, have made themselves a home at Buckingham; while the very similar Boccings, who trace their descent rather from the beech, still survive at Bocking in Essex and Suffolk. The birch, another highly sacred tree, was the ancestor of the Bercings, or as we should now say Birchings, who dwelt originally at Birchington in Kent. The wolf was also a favorite Teutonic beast, whose name belongs in the simple form to one of the characters in Beowulf, while it makes up the last syllable not only in that hero's own name, but also in those of Æthelwulf, Eadwulf, Beorhtwulf, and many other old English celebrities. His sons, the Wulfings, are mentioned in one of the charters in the Codex Diplomaticus; but if they ever settled a Wolvington or Wolfingham, it is not now to be discovered on the map of England. That commonest and most ubiquitous of totems, the snake, however, fares better. His old English name is wyrm—that is, worm—which we have now degraded so as to apply to the earthworm only, though in blind-worm and slow-worm it still retains a shade of its original meaning. The Scandinavians, as usual, dropped the W, changing worm into orm, just as they changed wulf into ulf; so that the Great Orm's Head means the Snake's Head. Orm with them was a personal name, which we get at Ormskirk—that is to say, Orm's church. Some such primitive English Wyrm perhaps gave his name to the family of the Wyrming, who are now amply represented at Wormingford in

Essex, Worminghall in Bucks, and Wormington in Gloucester. Finally, to close our first list of plant and animal totems, that very holy Teutonic tree, the thorn, was the forefather of the Thornings, mentioned in a Kentish charter, and another branch of the Thornings were clearly the first inhabitants of Thornington in Northumberland.

Besides these terrestrial totems, however, there are a large number of people all the world over who, like the Egyptian kings and the Peruvian Incas, lay claim to a yet higher descent—from the sun himself. The Sunnings in Berkshire are noted in a document printed by Kemble, and the pretty village of Sonning, on the banks of the Thames near Reading, keeps their memory green to the present day. (Here, by the way, our Anglo-Saxon ancestor certainly scores one in the matter of spelling.) Sunninghill and Sunningwell, also in Berkshire, no doubt mark the offshoots of the same solar race. The stone is likewise perhaps a totem, derived, it may be, from the stone hatchet of a yet earlier age, and the Stannings were clearly the sons of Stones, still surviving, at Steyning in Sussex, as well as at Stanningfield, Stanninghall, Stanningley, and Stannington, in various other counties.

All these names are fairly transparent even to those readers who do not understand Anglo-Saxon. The words of which they are compounded have come down almost unchanged to our own time. But in other cases the roots have either become obsolete, or undergone a good deal of contraction. It is not difficult, indeed, to recognize the sons of the fern in the Fearnings of a Hampshire charter, one branch of whom have given their name to Farningham in Kent. But those who do not know the old English word *earn*, an eagle, would fail to recognize at once the parentage of the Earnings and the Ernings, from two of Mr. Kemble's charters—clans whose *tun* or *ham* cannot now be identified. Still less would most modern readers discover that the Eohings were the sons of the steed, or the Stutings of the gnat. About some others I cannot myself feel quite sure; but it seems likely that the Beardings were the sons of the hawk or buzzard, the Ceannings (or Cannings) of the pine or fir, the Heartings of the hart, and the Hanings of the cock. Whether the Piperings were really the sons of pepper (a Græco-Latin word, probably not adopted into English till after the introduction of Christianity) I should hardly like to decide offhand.

\* Errors of nomenclature affecting this class of names are liable to occur in two ways. On the one hand, forms like Bensington and Cardingham get shortened down to Benson and Cardinham, much as careless speakers now say Birmingham and Kensington; and, on the other hand, totally distinct words like Huntandun and Dunnantun become assimilated to the common clan type as Huntingdon and Dunnington, much as careless speakers now say Edingborough and Beckingham. Glastonbury appears as Glastingabyrig in early English, but Abingdon appears as Abbandun.

For all the clans which I have hitherto mentioned there is old English manuscript authority. The names of others can only be inferred from the modern towns or villages called after them. Thus, Oakington in Cambridgeshire affords a good ground for believing in a clan of *Æcings*, or sons of the oak. Elmington in Northamptonshire similarly points back to a family of *Elmings* as its first founders. The pretty little village of Cockington, near Torquay, vouches for the former existence of the *Cockings*, who have also left their traces at Cocking in Sussex. Everybody knows how sacred was the raven among the Northmen, were it only from the story of the raven banner, woven by the daughters of Ragnor Lodbrok, which waved its wings in the breeze when the host was destined to be victorious, but hung down limply, as if in sorrow, when it was doomed to defeat. No doubt it was a bird of equal omen among our English forefathers; and Raveningham in Norfolk proves that it numbered its sons upon the roll of conquerors in East Anglia. Swanington in Leicestershire similarly implies the sons of the swan. Not quite so obvious is Everingham in Yorkshire; but analogy points back to the *Eoferings*; and *eofer* is good old English for a wild boar, who reappears at Eversley, the wild boar's ley or haunt, and at Evershot, his holt or forest. *Eofer*, in fact (the High German *eber*), is just the same word as Latin *aper*, metamorphosed in accordance with Grimm's law, in the same way as *pater* is metamorphosed into *father*; and the *Everings* are thus the sons of the boar. The *Oterings* of Otterington and Ottringham are clearly sons of the otter; but it is harder to recognize the *Illings* of Illingworth as descendants of the hedgehog, or the *Lexings* of Lexington as the remote offspring of the salmon. The *Ælings* of Allington may represent the family of the eel, but more likely they are only *Æthelings* or nobles, slightly foreshortened. The *Hæfocings* of Hawkinge, however, are most undoubted sons of the hawk. Concerning the following I have more doubt: the *Elcings* of Elkingham may represent the elk; the *Fincings* of Finchingfield, the finch; the *Eorplings* of Erpingham, the wolf (*eorþ*); the *Hofings* of Hovingham, the coltsfoot; and the *Thyrscings* of Thrusington, the thrush.

Leaving out of consideration the dubious cases, however, and taking note only of the certain ones, it is impossible not to observe that these names exactly

coincide with the most sacred birds, beasts, and plants of the European world on the one hand, and with the class of objects usually employed as totems on the other. The wolf, the bear, the buck, the boar, the horse; the eagle, the hawk, the swan; the serpent; the oak, the ash, the elm, the thorn; and the sun — these are common objects of worship all the world over, and all of them may be paralleled as totems among modern savages. When one adds that they were almost all borne as proper names by various personages of the Teutonic race in early times, the inference as to the totemism of our old English ancestors becomes almost irresistible.

I ought to add, to prevent misapprehension on the part of my readers, that by no means *all* the old English clan-names can be traced back to totems. On the contrary, out of a total of some seven hundred known clans, only about fifty can with any confidence be derived from this source. Of the remainder, some are confounded with other obvious roots; for example, the *Beadings* are the sons of war; the *Beorhtings*, sons of light or brightness; the *Garungs*, sons of the spear; the *Banings*, sons of bane or mischief; the *Wigings*, sons of war or victory; and the *Secgings*, sons of the warrior. Others, again, are clearly mere patronymics of the common type, as when Alfred is called *Æthelwulfing* — that is to say, the son of *Æthelwulf*; or when the descendants of Karl the Great are spoken of as *Karlings* or *Carlovingians*. Yet others are apparently derived from gods or heroes, though of course these gods may themselves be the half-mythical, half-traditional ancestors of the race. For example, the *Eastrings* and *Hellings* may be the descendants of *Eastre* and *Hel*; and the *Scyldings* are the descendants of the hero *Scyld*. Finally, a large number of the clan-names seem to be compounded of quite inexplicable and obsolete roots. This is always the case with the earliest elements of nomenclature in every country. It is easy enough to discover the meaning of *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, of *Anaxagoras* and *Pisistratus*; but it is hard for any one to pick out with certainty the sense of *Æneas* or *Ajax*, of *Peleus* or *Achilles*, either because their roots are obsolete in the classical Greek, or because the words themselves have undergone so large an amount of wear and tear as to have become practically unrecognizable.

Most of the English families had al-

ready acquired their names long before the colonization of Britain, for these names are held in common by them and by the other Teutonic families on the continent. Just as there are now Smiths and Joneses in London and in America and in Australia, because there were Smiths and Joneses in England and Wales before America and Australia were settled by Englishmen; so there are Harlings and Billings and Hartings in Germany and Scandinavia and England, because there were Harlings and Billings and Hartings in the old Teutonic fatherland before south-eastern Britain was settled by the Teutons. The English Wælsings, who fixed their home at Walsingham, are the same as the Norse Völsungar, or Wooslings as we should call them—a form actually found in England at Wool-singham in Durham. They were the family of Siegfried, the hero of the "Nibelungen Lied." In the old English epic of "Beowulf," Sigmund, the father of Siegfried, is called a Wælsing. The Harlings of Harlingham are found again at Harlingen in Friesland. The Scyldings and Scylfings, the most famous of the northern races, reappear in Britain at Skelding and Shilvington, as Mr. Kemble points out. The Ardings of Ardingley are the royal race of the Visigoths and Vandals. The Hælsings of Helsington recur in the Swedish Helsingland and Helsingford. The Thyrrings of Thorington are suspiciously like the Thuringians, as we call their High German representatives in our Latinized fashion. The Wylfings, a tribe well known in northern tradition, are also celebrated in our English "Beowulf" and the "Traveler's Song." Mr. Kemble, from whom I borrow most of these instances, has collected many other cases of clan-names common to the English and Continental Teutons.

Again, in England itself, we find many curious repetitions of the same family name in different parts of the country. It does not matter whether we are in Jutish Kent, in English Norfolk, or in Saxon Hampshire, clan villages with identical titles turn up in all alike. There is a Beckingham in Essex and there is a Beckingham in Lincolnshire. Hollingbourn in Kent is paralleled by Hollingdon in Bucks, Hollington in Sussex, and Hollingworth in Cheshire. The Billings, not content with being the royal race of the Continental Varini, have planted English colonies in thirteen separate counties, from Billingsgate in Middlesex to Billings-

ton in Lancashire, and from Billingham in Sussex to Billingham in Durham. Almost all the leading clans are to be found in like manner widely scattered over the whole area of Teutonic Britain.

Now, how has this come about? Must we believe with Mr. Kemble that different members of the chief clans went to different parts of the country indiscriminately—that Saxons joined with Jutes in the conquest of Kent, and that Jutes joined with English in the conquest of Northumbria? This seems a little improbable. It appears far more likely that the same clan-names may have existed among the different tribes of old English, Jutes, and Saxons, as well as among their Frisian, Danish, and Frankish brethren. Mr. A. Lang has suggested a clever explanation of this peculiarity, which I believe to be the true one. Wherever totemism exists it is accompanied by certain strict regulations as to marriage and "forbidden degrees." Moreover, kindred is generally reckoned on the mother's side. "In the savage and barbaric world," says Mr. Tylor, "there prevails widely the rule called by McLennan exogamy or marrying out, which forbids a man to take a wife of his own clan—an act which is considered criminal, and may even be punished with death. Among the Iroquois of North America the children took the clan-name or totem of the mother; so if she were of the Bear clan, her son would be a Bear, and accordingly he might not marry a Bear girl, but might take a Deer or a Heron." It is probable, indeed, that the Teutonic people had arrived at the stage of counting kindred by the father's side long before the colonization of England; but if exogamy and the female kinship system had once existed amongst them, it would quite account for the community of clan-names in the different tribes. For if a Holting in Old England or Sleswick had ever stolen himself a wife from among the Wylfings of Friesland or Jutland, her children would all be counted as Wylfings too; and thus the same clans would get spread by successive exogamous marriages over the whole Low Dutch shore, from what is now Belgium to what is now Mecklenburg. Afterwards, when the custom of counting by the father's side came in, the clans would still be called by their old common names, and would keep up a certain tradition of kinship, as is actually the case amongst certain civilized nations at the present day. Thus a Brahman may not marry a woman whose clan-name is

the same as his own, however wide apart they may be in relationship; nor may a Chinese take a wife of his own surname. It is as though we held all Smiths to be distantly related to one another, and forbade them to marry among themselves for fear of their turning out to be twenty-seventh cousins.

In the old Continental England the clans each lived in their own little township or territory, surrounded by a wild belt or mark of forest, marsh, or heath, and cut off from all similar townships by this intervening neutral ground. The clan was, in fact, a little independent commonwealth, with its own land, its own village, and its own slaves. And so the townships were each called after the name of the clan which inhabited them. When the fierce English pirates went forth to conquer abandoned and defenceless Britain, they went forth clan by clan, each leader embarking his men, his women, and his children in his keels or long-boats, and carving out for himself a new little territory or petty principality in the more fertile and cultivated soil of the deserted Roman province. Hence the local nomenclature of south-eastern Britain was widely altered by the English conquest. The Dodgings and Hearingds and Hornings of the new-comers cared little for the ancient British or Roman names. Their *ham* or *tun* was Horningham or Doddington; and they did not trouble themselves to ask their Welsh serfs for the older title of the ruined villa or homestead. That, however, by no means proves that the English settlers exterminated every Welshman they found upon the soil. The Dutch in South Africa call their new homesteads by their own names — Rorke's Drift or Vanrenen's Kloof — but we know that they have not exterminated the Zulus for all that. Dozens of negro huts cluster round the Dutch Boer's farmhouse; and so I believe dozens of Welsh serfs had their cottages around the homestead of the English lord. At any rate, be this as it may, the local names of south-eastern Britain are now almost exclusively Teutonic; but the physique of the peasantry is largely dashed with the long skulls, dark hair, and bronze complexion of the Celtic and Euskarian aborigines.

The simplest form of the clan-name, as bestowed upon the common township or landed territory of the clan, consists of the family patronymic itself in the nominative plural. This is the form we find most frequently in the old documents. Thus we have in the charters or in the

English Chronicle Hæstingas, Puningas, and Billingas, now known as Hastings, Poynings, and Billings (for I need hardly say that the conjectural derivation of the first-named town from Hæsten the pirate is a wild and random guess of some ill-formed local antiquary). In most cases, however, the plural form has been lost in the course of time, so that the Berecingas of the charters is now Barking, Dice-lingas is now Ditchling, and Mallingas, Pæcingas, Readdingas, Sunningas, Stæningas, and Wocingas, reappear as Mall-ling, Patching, Reading, Sunning, Steyn-ling, and Woking. Wanetingas, where King Alfred was born, has undergone a more forcible curtailment into Wantage. Ashling, Basing, Bocking, Dorking, Ealing, Epping, Wapping, Worthing, and many others seem to be formed on the like analogy. In each case the name is originally that of the clan alone; but just as we now talk of Smith's or Brown's, and still oftener of the Joneses' and the Walkers', meaning the house, not the people, so these clan-names came at last to apply to the township which they held. There is good reason for believing that each such clan originally formed a little independent commonwealth, and that they only slowly coalesced into the kingdoms of the East and West Kentings, the South Saxons, the Surreys, and so forth, just as these petty principalities themselves afterwards coalesced into the larger kingdoms of Wessex, Mercia, and Northumbria, and finally into the single kingdom of England.

Commoner than the simple form in the nominative plural are the compound forms with *ham*, *tun*, *stead*, or other like terminations. Confining our attention for a moment to the first letter of the alphabet alone, we have *hams* at Aldingham, Aldringham, Antingham, and Arlingham; *tons* at Ablington, Accrington, Aclington, Alkington, Alwington, and Arlington; a *worth* at Arthingworth; and a *don* at Astringdon. Beside the fords over the rivers, so important before the building of bridges, we find Chillingford, Hemingford, Manningford, and Shillingford. Among the hursts, leys, hoes, and fields of the forest regions, such as the Weald or the great belt of Selwood, we meet with Billinghamurst, Bletchingley, Piddinghoe, and Hanningfield. Sometimes, too, these village names disclose a sad tale for the Teutonic extirpationists. The Wealings, sons of the Welshman (tell it not in Wells, publish it not in the quads of Trinity), appear as a very good English



clan at Wallingford, Wallington, Welling-ton, Wellingborough, and eight other places. This is one of those casual indications which, like the "British robbers" in the Fens and the Welsh churls in Cambridge, are calculated sadly to disturb the peace of Mr. Green and make Mr. Freeman turn uneasily in that cathedral seat from which he loves to lay down with such iterative emphasis the eternal and immutable truths of English history.

The clan-names, indeed, may be used with good historical results as a test of the comparative density of the Teutonic colonization. If we examine any good county maps of England, it will be clear that village names of the clan type are found most thickly in the oldest colonies, and decrease in number as we move inward and westward from the original centres. Mr. Kemble has pointed out that while we have still sixty-eight names compounded of clan-names in Sussex, and sixty in Kent, the two oldest Teutonic counties, we have only eighteen in Surrey, ten in Hertfordshire, two in Cornwall, and none at all in Monmouth. If we take the several kingdoms in detail, we get even clearer results. Thus, Hampshire, the original nucleus of Wessex, has 33 clan villages; Dorset has 21; Devon, a very large county, has 24; Cornwall only 2; and even Wilts no more than 25. Along the east coast clan-names cluster thickly. Essex has 48; Norfolk and Suffolk 153, and Lincolnshire 76; but as we move inland into Mercia, Leicestershire has 19, Bucks 17, Rutland, (a small shire) 4, and Worcester 13. So in the north, again, Yorkshire (of course a very big county) has 127, and Northumberland has 48; but Derby has 14, Lancashire 26, Cumberland 6, and Westmoreland 2. These figures sufficiently suggest the fact that the English settled thickly along the exposed coasts and up the navigable rivers, but spread slowly and sparsely, as little isolated military colonies, among the unconquered Britains of the interior and the west.

Moreover, if we look still more closely at any particular county, we shall find that the clan names group themselves in little clusters around the most accessible and fertile spots. In Sussex, for example, we get one small group about the Bill of Selsea, the very place where the real or mythical Ælle is said to have landed from his three keels. According to the Chronicle, Ælle and his sons marched straight upon the neighboring Roman fortress of Regnum, which they took by storm, while

they drove the Welsh into Andred, the forest of Anderida, or, as we now call it, the Weald of Sussex. Regnum took the new name of Cissanceaster or Chichester, from Cissa the son of Ælle (historical existence not guaranteed). Well, on the Bill of Selsea itself, and around Chichester, we get East and West Wittering, Donnington, Funtington, Cocking, Aldingbourne, and several others. Along the strip of south coast, between the downs and the sea, we find a long string of clan villages, from Climping and Torington, past Poling, Patching, Angmering, Ferring, Goring, Tarring, Worthing, Steyning, and Lancing, to the group of combe-nestled hamlets around Brighton, including Blatchingden, Ovingdean, Rottingdean, Poynings, and Ditchling. This district probably represents the original South Saxon colony. Fourteen years later, according to the tradition embodied in the English Chronicle, Ælle and Cissa started from this their western principality to attack the great Roman-Welsh fortress of Anderida (now Pevensey), which guarded the low eastern coast and the approach to the South Downs. The fall of Anderida probably put the eastern half of the county in their power, and they could now plant fresh colonies in the fertile valley of the Ouse about Lewes, where we find traces of clan settlements at Bletchington, East Tarring, Piddinghoe, Beddingham, Malling, and Chillingham. Even more closely do the clan-names cluster in the small glen of the Cuckmere River, just below the heights of Beachy Head. Here, within a few miles of one another, stand no less than ten villages of the Teutonic type—Jevington, Littlington, Lullington, Folkington, Wilmington, Arlington, Willington, Chavington, Chiddingley, and Hellingley. Nowhere else in England, save in this very Teutonic belt of South Saxon coast, do the marks of Germanic colonization lie so closely together. Finally, in the outlying and then almost insulated Rape between the Pevensey marshes, the Romney marshes, and the Weald, a little independent tribe of Hæstings fixed their home in the glen at Hastings, with Hollington, Guestling, and Whatlington guarding their rear. These three districts—the shore from Chichester to Brighton, the valley of the Ouse around Lewes, and the sandy heights about Hastings—form the three great nuclei of Teutonic colonization in Sussex.

On the other hand, the moment we get back of the downs into the flat and infer-

tile levels of the Weald, the forest region whither Ælle and his sons drove out such of the Welsh as they did not enslave, we find a very different state of things. Here the clan-names are few and far between; and when they do appear, their terminations generally show that they were not *hams* or *tuns*, entire village communities of English householders, but mere *hursts*, *dens*, and *fields*, clearings of swineherds and hunters in the great waste. Billinghamurst, Warminghurst, Shillingley, Ardingley, and Itchingfield sound more like clan encampments than clan settlements. More often still the names of this region have no connection with the patronymics at all, but are derived from beasts, trees, or natural peculiarities. Such are the Hartfields, Uckfields, Nutfields, Frantfields, and Rothersfields; the Coneyhursts, Ticehursts, Midhursts, Farnhursts, Ewhursts, Nuthursts, and Maplehursts; the Woodman-cotes, Withyhams, Wetherdens, Buxteds, and Cowfolds, which meet one at every turn in driving through the Sussex Weald. One such instance of an analysis of county nomenclature will sufficiently show the value of these clan patronymics as a test and gauge of English colonization in Britain.

Before quitting this part of the subject it may be well to add that the English pirates and robbers only changed the names of the country districts, the *prædia* and *latifundia* of the old Roman proprietors, whose homestead villas we still find in ruins over the whole country; but they seldom or never altered the name of a great town or a natural feature. In short, they merely called their own estates by their own names, leaving the general nomenclature of the country untouched. For rivers, hills, and cities, the Romanized Welsh titles still survive. Sabrina is still the Severn; Thamesis is still the Thames; Ouse and Avon, Exe and Swale, are good Celtic words to the present hour; London, Lincoln, York, and Manchester keep to-day their British and Roman names; even smaller fortresses like Dover and Richborough are still called by corrupt forms of their Celtic titles. Where the English gave a new name, as in Thanet and Selwood, the old British names, Ruim and Coit Mawr, survived among the Welsh serfs till the days when some Welsh writer compiled the life of Alfred attributed to Asser. Immense as was the revolution in the nomenclature of Britain effected by the English colonization, I believe it was really a mere matter

of rural farm-naming, as we now speak in the Assam Hills of Ainsley's Estate or Richardson's Concession. The English, I believe, settled down upon the lands that had been abandoned by the Roman landowner. They found the Britons in the condition of serfs, and they kept them still as serfs. They burnt the Roman villa and the Christian church (wherever they found one), for they hated stone buildings; and they put up in their stead their own low, wooden homesteads, with the long shed or hall of their caldorman in the midst. They divided out the land among the clansmen on their own communal system, with so much tilled soil for each, and right of pasturage for so many bees, and mastage for so many swine in the woodlands. But they avoided the towns, where the Romanized Celtic inhabitants, I cannot but believe, made peace with them on terms of tributary subjection, as we know the Romanized Gaulish provincials made peace with the kindred Franks of Clovis. South Britain, I take it, at the end of the Roman dominion, was a mere wide expanse of *latifundia*, tilled by slave labor, with a few military stations and trading towns scattered up and down sparsely over its surface. The English pirates annexed and divided the *latifundia* and the slaves, and reduced the towns to a state of tributary subjection, but otherwise left them pretty much to their own devices. This is what the analogy of Teutonic conquest elsewhere during the folks-wandering would lead us naturally to expect, and I see no sufficient evidence to show that things in England happened very differently in this respect from things in the rest of Roman Europe generally.

And now one last interesting question remains. Do any of these clan-names survive as family surnames at the present day? I am inclined to think they do. It is true, our surnames as a rule date back no further than the thirteenth or fourteenth century; and the clan system seems to have broken down in great part with the introduction of Christianity in the seventh. Perhaps the religious ceremonies offered up to the gentile gods, the deified progenitors of the clan, may have had a great deal to do with keeping up the feeling of unity in the various families and townships; and the system may have broken down in part when the common worship of the clan-father was exchanged for that of the Christian God. Still, I cannot help thinking that many clans, especially in remote country parts,

must have kept up their names and their traditions for many ages, just as the Scotch Highlanders still do in our own day. At any rate, many modern surnames are identical with old clan patronymics, and they may at least possibly have descended in unbroken succession from the ancient heathen times till they were adopted as surnames in the Plantagenet period. Of these I will give a few examples.

The Annings of the charters find a modern representative in Mary Anning of Lyme Regis, the geologist and discoverer of the great Lias saurians. The Brunings are sufficiently vouched for by Mr. Robert Browning, the poet. The Ceannings found a famous descendant in George Canning, the statesman. The Hartings and Hardings are familiar to all of us at the present day. I have noticed an Arding at Bath. Fielding, the novelist, belongs to the settlers of Faldingworth. Cardinal Manning is clearly a member of the same family which founded Manningtree and several other colonies. Admiral Byng had ancestors at Bingfield. Bunting, Clavering, Hemming, Pickering, Spalding, Stebbing, Twining, and Willing, are all forms which occur in composition in the names of places, and which are also familiar surnames at the present day. Miles Standish's *Cæsar* was "Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Golding of London." Some others are rather more doubtful. Punningas, the pretty little village at the foot of the northern escarpment of the South Downs, has been modernized as Poynings; but as a surname I fancy it may be recognized as Powning. In several other cases I have met with surnames which look very much like clan patronymics, but which are found neither in the charters nor in composition in the names of places. Such are Waring, Pauling, Cumming, Keating, Mincing, Sweeting, and many more. Altogether, I have collected nearly two hundred of like sort, but I will let my readers off the rest of the list—a rare piece of self-denial on the part of a man with a hobby.

There is another class of surnames, however, which must not be confounded with these probably genuine survivals. Reading, Cocking, Goring, and Worthing are all patronymics at the present day; but they are far more likely to be derived indirectly from the places so called than directly from the original clans. They belong to our large class of local or territorial surnames, such as Leicester, Shef-

field, York, and Kingston. When the plural form is employed, we may set them down as local or territorial without any doubt, as in the case of Warren Hastings, Josh Billings, or Mr. Jesse Collings (for I make bold to suppose that the surname of any public man is in a sense public property, at least for philological purposes). In this indirect way the clans have provided surnames for a large proportion of the English people. Thus the Wæssings gave their name to Washington in Derbyshire, Durham, and Sussex; next, one of these villages in turn gave its name to the Virginian family which finally produced George Washington; and then, to complete the cycle, George Washington gave his name, again, to the capital of the American republic. Coddington, Conington, Doddington, Effingham, Farrington, Illingworth, Livingstone, Pakington, and Whittington, are all names famous in one way or another, and all derived from English villages bearing clan titles. Of these, too, I have collected a quite unmanageable list, which I generously forego. Sometimes the process of transference proceeds one degree further. The Codingas who settled in Cheshire and Notts called their villages of Coddington after their own name; a family of Coddingtons sprung from one of these villages gave birth to a scientific Coddington; and a peculiar kind of small lens is known as a Coddington from his name. Remington rifles are another case of the same sort. Indeed, our whole modern life is still permeated in every direction by traces of the old English clans; and yet their very existence is now all but forgotten by all the world, which, nevertheless, uses their names familiarly every day in talking of Warrington and Birmingham, of Paddington and Kensington, of Wellington's victories or of Elkington's electro-plate. So often may words be upon our lips without our ever giving a single thought to their origin and meaning, or their vast historical implications.

G. A.

From Fraser's Magazine.

MARY SCHONEWALD.

A STUDY IN PROPHECY.

CHAPTER I.

A qui direlle sa pençée  
La fille qui n'a point d'amy?

ERAS, like persons, have their character; each difficult, if not impossible, for

any other to comprehend. Already it is hard for us to-day — moralized, critical, submissive as we are — to understand the impulses of the age that preceded us; a time of dreamy fanaticism of search after the impossible; an age of strong individualities; an era of riot, illusion, struggle, aspiration.

The present has trained us in a different school; yet by separating one life from that historic past, thinking its thoughts, feeling its temptations, following its impulses, we may perhaps divine the spirit that moved it, in such a way as sailors, seeking for land, know by the drifting twigs of brushwood that a new country is near.

This is the record of such a life; such a piece of driftwood, by its very lightness borne out so far, that it is for the moment more precious than all the oaks of the forest.

Mary Schönewald, our heroine, was a little London shop-girl; she had no genius, though for a short while much fame; she had no great claim on our regard, yet let us remember her with pity for a while, because her errors, her miseries, were so different from ours, because she felt so keenly the restless spirit that inspired her age.

Once she looked for an assured remembrance, but for no such reason as this. She would have stared had you told her that the tumult in her soul was but the echo, imperfectly caught, of the larger turbulence of the world. Such notions were not talked of in her time, and she claimed her joys and sorrows for herself.

Fifty years ago Mary Schönewald lived above a second-hand book-shop in Endell Street. It was kept by her father, a Jew by birth, an indifferentist by religion. Her mother, a respectable Cornish woman, had been dead for many years. Mary lived alone very quietly, with her father and a distant cousin, a widow named Bodley, who looked after the house while Mary read Rousseau and Byron in the shop. There seemed no reason why this irresponsible and dreamy life should not go on forever, when one morning brought Mary into relation with one of the great forces of the world — with religion.

This happened in the autumn of the year 1831. The month was mid-September, but the summer heat still lingered in the close streets and courts of St. Giles. Mary was sitting reading with the door open for the sake of the air; the shop was long; it went, in fact, all the length of the house, and looked yet larger than it was,

for it was divided into many passages, compartments, and recesses, of which the walls were books.

Mary sat in a recess near the door; a pretty, slender girl of seventeen, with large and unusually bright eyes, almost yellow in their clear hazel. She had dark, expressive eyebrows, and dark hair; but her skin was of a delicate fairness, such as is rare in Eastern women. Her nose was slightly, very slightly bent; she had no other trace of her Hebrew blood. Her lower face was well formed, rather prominent, with mobile lips, a little too short, arguing sensibility, but slight powers of rumination or stability. These short lips seemed always on the point of breaking into a sudden flashing smile. This smile and her yellow eyes were what people always remembered first and longest of Mary Schönewald.

As she sat reading, the wind stirred her hair, and fluttered her dress, but she did not notice. She was lost in the book she read; an old schoolboy's crib of *Æschylus*, not such as would have pleased either a fastidious or a trivial taste. She was reading "*Agamemnon*," skipping the choruses, which were, indeed, almost unintelligible in this crabbed rendering, but dwelling long over Cassandra's speeches, and saying them softly to herself. She was touched by the troubled inspiration, the tenderness, the grandeur of the part; it came home to her, scarcely marred by the "*Ah, ah! Oh, oh!*" the inverted artificial phrases of the translation.

Mary was too deeply intent to be aware of the presence of a looker-on. But for some moments she had been watched; a young clergyman hesitated in the doorway, apparently unwilling to disturb her; a narrow-chested, tall young man, with a weak, eager face, and eyes with an exterior shine as though they were made of stone, and had been polished. He was, however, good looking and tall, and what young ladies in those days thought "*romantic*" in appearance. At last he came forward; his shadow fell across her page.

She started. "*I beg your pardon,*" he said; "*Mr. Schönewald sent me a note to say that he had come across the book I wanted — Hatley Frere's 'Combined View of the Christian Prophecies.'*"

"*Prophecies!*" echoed Mary, her mind still with Cassandra, and not at all with her customer. "*I never knew there were any Christian prophecies?*"

Her voice took the tone of a question. She had never considered the Old Testament a Christian book, and, in her se-

cluded life, had not yet heard the clamoring pretensions of Irvingism, which, just then, filled the air of more religious circles.

The young man before her — Andrew Home by name — was one of those fanatic friends of Irving's who persuaded him to extremes he surely never would have reached alone. Notwithstanding his youth, want of experience and balance, Home had gained by sheer force of enthusiasm a certain prominence among his co-religionists. He was eager to proselytize, and did not suffer Mary to remain any longer unenlightened. He spoke of the hope of prophecy, faint at first, and gradually strengthening to expectation; of the new Pentecost, which, as he believed, had come upon the Church.

He spoke of the poor and ignorant folk in the far north of Scotland, fishermen and laborers, such as were the apostles of old, on whom the light had fallen first; he told her of Isabel Campbell the saint, and her sister Mary, who spoke in prophecy.

She listened; and he grew eloquent in describing the ridicule, unwillingness, disgust with which this hope, this conviction, had contended, until at last it gained a force to shake the dormant souls of men to waking; until Edward Irving, the popular preacher of the day, had pledged his genius, his voice, his influence, to make it known; until the acknowledged manifestations of prophets were daily and anxiously looked for in his crowded London chapel.

"And has none spoken yet?" cried Mary.

"Not in the Church," he said; "we watch and pray."

"It will come and shall," she cried, her strange eyes aflame. He looked at her. One thought flashed into both their minds, and took a different coloring from each. Was this to be the answer to her vague listlessness, her discontent? thought Mary.

"Shall I be made the instrument of Heaven to discover the voice of the Lord?" wondered Andrew Home.

The thought was too deep to be spoken, and neither revealed its presence to the other. Andrew went on speaking, Mary listening. It was the first time in her life that she had heard any one speak of religion as a real and supreme motive of life.

"I wonder if it would answer all I feel," she mused aloud.

"That it surely will," said he; "but what is it you feel? — any trouble?"

"You see it is no real trouble," she confided; "it is only me; always me; just myself that hurts me. It is so hard to be always reading of great things, and to feel a wish that sets one on to do something great oneself — like a fire in one's bones — and after all to do nothing. To feel so different to other people, and yet to do no more. I cannot tell you how I feel. It seems as if I *must* be something great. I feel as though I could not go on like this for years and die in the end — just as other people do. Oh, life is so dull, and it might be so different! I do not want to be happy, you know," said Mary, with evident scorn for such a commonplace desire, "but great, like Cassandra."

"Cassandra!" Mr. Home looked searchingly at her — a pretty child with smiling, mobile lips, unlike a sibyl's. Then he answered her outburst of confidence.

"Religion will surely make your life quite different," he said; "but you must not think of being great, only of serving God."

"Ah, yes!" she broke in eagerly; "but I should like to serve God by being great."

For a moment he did not answer, and she feared that he might be offended. Perhaps he thought her forward — Mrs. Bodley was always saying she was too forward. Mary was lonely enough for this chance-offered companionship to be precious to her; she felt anxious to retain it, and began without those demurs of dignity which she ought to have felt, an appeal *ad misericordiam*.

"Ah!" she said sadly, "you think I should not have said so much. When one has no friends to teach one, one is always saying too little or too much."

"And have you no friends?" asked Andrew, touched and interested.

"No one at all," said Mary; "that is to say, my father and my cousin, Mrs. Bodley, but they are too old. Then there are the books;" and she glanced at her open *Æschylus* with pride, feeling herself a touching example of intellectual loneliness.

"Ah, yes, the books; well, they are good friends," said Andrew. "One does not weary of them."

"Are they?" said Mary; and she stopped in her speech to think. She was so little accustomed to conversation that truisms were truths to her.

After a moment's pause she resumed, —

"All the same, I often find it dull.



Somehow, it is the books' fault, I fancy. After the books other people seem dull; they think of such a few things, and I do not care for what they think. But books are not quite satisfying either. Often the loveliest things come into one's head, and one longs to tell them to somebody. But it is of no use to tell books, you know; they cannot answer back, or, if they do, the answer is not for me — me only — but just as much for any one else that will read them. How can you say one does not weary of books? Oh, dear, it is so dull sometimes!"

She stopped and sighed; whether because so many words had taken her breath away, or because it was dismal to remember what surrounding vistas of dulness stretched out from every side of this little bright oasis, it was not easy to determine. Andrew Home, who saw in her not only a friendless girl but a possible light of the Church, felt a genuine compassion for her.

"If you will let me," he said, "I will be your friend."

"Let you!" cried Mary. "Oh, I shall be so glad! You will be some one to talk to. You shall teach me all about religion."

Before she could finish her sentence the shop door was pushed open and let through a little lame old man, white-haired, with black, bushy eyebrows, hooked nose, and a mouth expressive in moments of passion or sarcastic bitterness. Mary suddenly stopped her chattering.

"Here is my father," she said, and slipped away, leaving Mr. Home to inquire after the book he had ordered.

#### CHAPTER II.

How dared I let expand the force  
Within me, till some out-soul, whose resource  
It grew for, should direct it! — SORDELLO.

MRS. SCHONEWALD had died when Mary was three years old. The lonely child remembered her, as dying people recollect their childhood — an exquisite bygone thing that once was real, but never can be so, to them at least, any more.

Mary and her father knew nothing of that intimate companionship which grows up sometimes between a motherless daughter and a widowed father. Lewis Schönewald was a person of intense but very narrow affections. He had passionately loved his wife; he loved her still. Her memory was, perhaps, more real to him than any living presence.

His indifference to Mary, his avoidance of any knowledge of her true character, were the result of his dread to disturb a cherished fancy. He loved to think — this hard old Jew — that in this girl her mother lived again. Mary, for her part, could never remember the day when her innocent confidence, her childish efforts to please him, had touched him to tenderness; but a chance tone in her voice, a poise of her head, would bring the tears to his eyes.

So she grew accustomed to be loved, not for what she was, but for what she was not. She grew up among books and fancies, a self-conscious, self-centred girl. She had no friend to arouse her interest in others, and her only companion was the good-natured, trivial woman who had come to live with them after Mrs. Schönewald's death. So that when Mr. Home, with her father's consent, began to visit her, teach her, and befriend her, life seemed suddenly to change for her, to become large, full, intense beyond her dreams, thrilling with vague promises, with delicate possibilities.

Schönewald was not blind to the change in his only child. He observed, and was satisfied. He would not have gone out of his way to make a match for Mary; but so good a chance was not to be despised. He looked on, smiled, and held his peace. Religion seemed to him an interest in common as likely to bring young people together as a taste for private theatricals or a passion for duets. As such it seemed good to him; in its deeper or more terrible influence he refused to believe, sharing largely in the spiritual *nonchalance* of free-thinking Judaism.

Mary and Andrew Home did not send their thoughts so far ahead. They were satisfied with the present, and desired no change in their companionship. He had invented quite a series of reasons for his frequent visits; Schönewald's shop was near the Museum; his store of theological books was large and rare — less expensive, too, than the shops in the Strand. It may be observed that none of these excuses had any reference to Mary; yet, had she failed to help him hunt the dusty shelves, he would have found their contents dearer, commoner, less worth seeking, than he believed. As it was, the hour after the closing of the reading-room became the centre of the whole day's thoughts to her as well as to him.

On Sundays, in the evening, Mr. Home would call in Endell Street and take Mrs.

Bodley and Mary to Irving's church in Regent Square. Mrs. Bodley was sleepy sometimes, or anxious to gossip with a friend; and on such occasions the two young people would set off to church together; for a parson, that worthy woman would say, is a host in himself for protection.

One such evening, towards the end of October, Mary sat waiting impatiently in the little underground parlor in Endell Street. Mrs. Bodley, in a great leathern armchair, sat dozing by the fire, irritatingly placid. Her eyes were closed beneath her spectacles, and the great Bible rested so insecurely on her knees that at last it fell off with a sound which thoroughly aroused her.

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Bodley, "what a start it gave me! Sure the book's bewitched—Lord forgive me for speaking so of his Bible; but how it can have slipped so sudden from my hold passes me. Why, Mary, aren't you going to church!"

"How could I, when you were asleep? Who was to take me?"

"Asleep? My dear, it would be as well if you learned a little respect for your elders before upsetting the house with your fastings and fads of church-going—not that I call it a church, neither, but a sort of Scotch-Methody chapel, such as was always looked down on in my young days. And if I was that fond of sermons as I couldn't miss one without losing my temper and speaking disrespectful to my belongings—which might be, for one's temper's one's own, bad or good—still I'd be too proud to fret that openly for a young man who laid no claim on my liking."

Mrs. Bodley was quite awake now; she sat up in her chair and looked round. Mary stood by the window, gazing drearily out. Before her was the yard, with walls, once white, now stained with damp and weather to a dirty gray, topped with forbidding spikes; behind her lay the hideous square little room with the close familiar odors—the horsehair furniture frayed at the corners, the vulgar querulousness of Mrs. Bodley's voice. How ugly and ignoble looked the world! No place in it for me, no need of me, no love for me, thought Mary, taking a certain pleasure in her own forlornness. Mrs. Bodley, irritated by her silence, spoke again.

"I'm sure 'tis a puzzle to me, Mary, that a proud girl like you should have made so free with that young man. No

good ever came of holding one's self too cheap. And now you see he neglects you, and you are left to suffer."

Mary turned round with flashing eyes. "How dare you hurt me so?" she cried; "you cruel woman! My mother would have understood; but she's dead. Ah, why was I born? why am I kept alive?"

There was no checking her excited weeping. Mrs. Bodley rose and tried to soothe her; she was heartily sorry for what she had done.

"Hush! dearie," she said; "don't cry so. There's not a doubt on it he'll come. Come, set yourself straight, my lamb, and bathe your eyes, and look as fresh as a daisy when he comes to fetch you."

"And do you fancy that is what I want?" cried Mary, checking her sobs with difficulty. "Do you fancy I would have him think I only go to church because he walks with me? It is not true; it shall not be true. There, now I'm better. I'll put on my things and go by myself."

"I'll go with you, my dear," said Mrs. Bodley, eager to make expiation.

"No, thank you," answered Mary; "I could not bear it. I must be by myself." She walked away in a rigid, tense composure, unconscious of her own unkindness.

It was a warm and radiant evening. The summer had returned for a farewell, chastened with the tender sadness of parting. Andrew Home, crossing Tavistock Square, felt the full beauty of the time. A low wind stirred among the dusty leaves of the trees; within the railings some bright autumnal flowers glowed with live colors in the evening light, and the air was faintly scented with their odors. The bells were ringing from a distant church, in a sweet cadence, softly heard; the peaceful glory of the sky was shed upon the world. It was a time for delicate reveries, and Mr. Home felt a certain shock as he saw Mary coming towards him—the obvious prose original of his poetic fancies.

False though it sound, the sentiment was natural to him, who, like Becquer's fantastic hero, was made to dream of love and not to feel it; but he was not too weak to be ashamed of his weakness; he tried to feel glad, and stepped quickly across to the place where Mary stood, saying—as much to himself as to her—that it only needed her presence to make the lovely evening perfect. She lifted her eyes, but they did not see the sky or the waving

trees — she only noticed that he was troubled, ill at ease. She waited for an explanation, forgetting her grievance, and holding out her hand without any spoken greeting.

"It was too late to fetch you to go to church," he began; "for I was detained in Judd Place with the minister until service-time. Will you walk with me round the square, Miss Mary? I have a great deal to tell you."

Mary took his arm and crossed to the narrower pavement, overshadowed by trees. She thought she would like to walk there, silent and happy, forever; but Mr. Home's first words woke in her heart the memory of a different ideal of life.

"Miss Mary," he began, "you remember the prophecy of Joel — 'I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and daughters shall prophesy?' — well, this promise has been fulfilled to us at last."

"When?" cried Mary; "why have I not heard? Tell me when — how?"

"This morning. I was at the church. Mr. Irving preached on the gifts of the spirit, and we were all praying —"

"God knows," said Mary, "I have prayed for a long time."

"Yes, so have we all; and now our prayers are answered. Miss Hall," he continued, with the faintest accent of reproach, "Miss Hall was our first prophetess."

"Miss Hall!" she echoed, mortified — wounded; for, although she had never confessed it even to herself, she had thought this honor would be hers.

"Yes," Mr. Home went on; "and she is a good, humble-minded woman."

Mary did not assent or dissent. She felt that he thought she had somehow failed in her duty. The sense of it was the deepest sting in her own disappointment.

"Go on," she said.

"In the middle of the service she got up and rushed into the vestry. By some instinct we none of us thought she was merely ill or faint. We knew some new thing was at hand. The minister stopped in his sermon. We all sat silent. Suddenly a terrible, heart-shaking sound issued from the vestry and filled the church. We could not believe it to be a woman's voice; indeed, at first it was not like a voice at all; an appalling thunder of confused, resonant syllables. It rose and fell in a certain rhythm, gradually becoming softer and more human, until at last it passed into words — 'How dare ye re-

strain the voice of the Lord?' Three times the great voice cried; then all was quiet. Miss Hall came back, pale and shaking, and took her accustomed seat in the church again."

"What happened then?" asked Mary.

"No more; but I have been all the afternoon with Mr. Irving. He takes the unknown tongue to be a sign of the divine inspiration of the words that follow. This morning's message brings a troubled future to him, Miss Mary."

"Does it?" She walked on in silence.

She was young, and her own troubles seemed to her much nearer and more real than Mr. Irving's. All her ambition awoke, stronger than ever. It seemed, as she brooded, a hard fate that the lot she had coveted should have been so close to her and yet have fallen to the possession of another. It was bitter to think how the morning had gone in making beds, mixing puddings, dusting rooms; when, if she had been at church — "But I was not there," she continued aloud. "Ah! why was I not there?"

"I thought of you," said her companion kindly. "Mr. Irving read that chapter in Corinthians we read together on Friday. I heard your voice all through it instead of his. And I thought how you persisted in believing the gifts would be restored. Do you remember?"

"I prophesied of their return, and my words are justified," she said.

Mr. Home turned round, genuinely alarmed lest she should impose upon herself. He looked anxiously at her. She was very pale.

"Take care, my child," he said; "take care lest an evil spirit delude us; watch and pray against false spirits."

Mary stood still, looking down at her hands that hung before her, loosely clasped. She was trembling from head to foot, and could not speak. So young she appeared, so delicately childish, that he reproached himself for his warning as for an injustice. In the stillness of the night there was now no other sound than the light rustle of the leaves, save the hard-drawn breathing of the girl. Mr. Home, never too deeply moved to be insensible to such impressions, felt all his doubt melt into pity. Just such an innocent and vaguely troubled maiden, different from others of her age she knew not why, must Mary of Bethlehem have been, greatest among women. Unconsciously he began to hum an old Italian hymn — "Ave Maria, ave, ave Maria."

The girl at his side looked up with won-

dering eyes, half-wounded at his light-heartedness.

"Forgive me," he said; "forgive me, my dear Miss Mary. I have wounded your purity and goodness by my thought. Heaven forbid that I should dare to restrain the voice of the Lord."

She smiled and gave him her hand; then turning, they walked homewards through the darkening streets together.

#### CHAPTER III.

*μένει τὸ θεῖον, δουλία περ' ἐν ὁρεσί.*

AGAMEMNON.

THE moon was shining brightly two hours later, and flooded Mary's bare little chamber with her golden beams. The low attic was divided in the middle by a curtain. Mrs. Bodley slept in the front division, and Mary's window looked out over sheds and yards, tiers of uneven roofs and chimney-stacks, all made wonderful now in the splendor and fantastic shadows of the moonlight.

Mary was crouched on the low, broad window-sill, looking dreamily out into the night. She had not yet undressed, but her bonnet had fallen off and left the aching head unburdened. Though she was very weary, spent with fasting and excitement, no thought of sleeping crossed her mind. She sat quietly looking forward, but her intense gaze received no impression from the scene it dwelt upon.

"Why was the gift not mine?" she was thinking; "why am I dumb and speechless still, with such a longing in my heart? Can she have prayed more than I have prayed? Yet she is our prophetess. He said so—he heard her—it was her that he praised." Such was her thought, but after a while she thought no more, surrendering all her nature to emotion.

Mary sat still, the moonlight shining in her large, strained eyes that did not see it. The slow hours of night went by, and yet she did not stir, nor feel their flight. At last the bell of St. George's broke the silence with twelve heavy strokes. She raised her head, shivered a little, and got up. A growing restlessness possessed her. She walked a few steps across the room, but the sound of her footsteps on the uncovered boards echoed loudly through the night. She stopped, bared her feet, drew her mantle round her, and sat down where the moonlight streamed along the floor, afraid to stir again for some minutes lest her movements should awaken Mrs. Bodley. The enforced quiet

was hard to bear. She did not wish to undress and get to bed, but she would like to have regained her old resting-place on the window-sill, for here it was so lonely; she could see nothing but a little blue field of sky, some pale stars, and the shining moon; no sign of human life. Gradually she grew calmer, looking at the heavenly clearness above. The rage and restlessness of passion left her; tears visited her aching eyes. Absence she knew it was, absence and the desire of love, that prompted the strong yearnings of her spirit, and as she rocked her body to and fro, parched with fever, aching with weariness, she thought it was the love of God that she desired. She made no effort to conquer the longing which she innocently believed to be a proof of saintliness; only she wondered dully why God did not deliver her; why she was left engulfed in desolation. So she remained while the moon moved westward, until the framework of the window flung on the floor the shadow of a cross. Mary saw it, and took it as a sign. She stretched herself upon it, her arms outspread, her lips moving in prayers of inarticulate appeal. At length a spirit of wonder and exaltation roused her, coming as an answer to her prayer. She knew that some strange thing was now to come to pass; that some unnatural experience was in store for her. She sat up, listening, waiting, scarcely breathing. Soon to be hers was the revelation of the divine mystery; the hill was nearly climbed whose summit should show the promised land. The veil swerved and trembled that hid the secret of the heart's desire. In such a mood an artist receives the inspiration of his work; Mary, without an art to serve, listened with a mind as tense, a spirit as painfully excited. While she sat thus the moon paled and faded; the stars went out; the faint green heavens were veiled with a tremulous whiteness, and the air seemed visibly to throb. A quivering expectation thrilled the world. Chill dawn crept into the room as wan and grey as the watcher's anxious face. Mary clasped her hands tightly above her heart, full now to bursting; her head swam; a mist thickened her sight. At last, at last! she felt the hour was here.

She rose with difficulty and tottered to the window. Suddenly the splendid sun leaped up behind the housetops, and the day was born. Mary looked out for one moment, her face illuminated with the rosy glow. So gazing, her eyes fixed in a wide, unseeing stare, her face and form

stiffened to pallid rigor, shaken, not bent, by convulsive shuddering.

Suddenly the struggle ceased, and at that moment a cry burst from her lips, surely another voice than her sweet, childish treble. Terrified, Mary crouched down, and wrapped her cloak about her face to stifle the great utterance as best she might, fearing to alarm the sleepers in the house. Very fearful sounded the muffled tones, an indistinct thunder of sound that passed at length into words. "Arise!" it cried. "Arouse! Arise! Shine, for thy light is come! Arise, shine, for thy light is come!" and then it died away.

Mrs. Bodley coming hurriedly into the room, saw a slender, huddled figure sway back and forwards again, and then fall, face downwards, on the floor. Silent and unconscious, Mary lay at rest. Mrs. Bodley took the girl in her arms and lifted her to the bed. Some moments afterwards Lewis Schönewald's heavy tread was heard along the passage; she left her charge and went to the door. "What is the matter?" said he; "what was that awful sound? Is Mary ill?"

"Heaven only knows what the matter is," she answered. "I heard her crying out texts of Scripture in a terrible powerful voice, ran into her room, and there she lay, with all her clothes on, in a fit of falling sickness on the floor."

"A fit! nonsense; you should know better, Mrs. Bodley, than to take the child's character away like that, even in private. Unmarried girls have no fits but fainting-fits. Mind that. But how is she now?"

Mrs. Bodley resumed her tale in a voice to which resentment lent a deeper drawl of lugubrious slowness. "Lying in bed as white as a ghost, smiling to herself and plucking the fluff off the blankets in a way as makes me mortal anxious, for I've heard say it's most always a sure and certain sign of coming death. And three nights back I heard the death-watch creak half the night through; any child knows what *that* means; and now she's lying there, saying never a word, but looking as like your own poor wife, my cousin Mary, as —"

"Will you let me come in, instead of gibbering in the doorway?" broke in Schönewald savagely, and brushing past her he hobbled along the floor to Mary's bedside.

She lay with open eyes, a smile on her quiet mouth, an air of placid triumph on her brow.

Suddenly another morning, nearly eighteen years gone by, flashed up in her father's memory. A morning when with just such an anxious smile he had come to the bedside of another Mary, who lay, smiling thus, her new-born baby at her side. Now the dear wife was dead, the child grown into this wan-cheeked girl who looked up to greet him.

"Well, Mariechen," he said, his voice softened with tender memories, "what is this I hear, that you practice your vocalizing with such energy that you faint afterwards?"

"Hush, father!" said the little trembling voice, "how shall I tell you? A most wonderful thing has happened."

"So I should hope, for surely you don't mean to become an amateur alarum, and wake us all up at six every morning in future?"

"Father, you don't know what you are jesting about. It is a most serious, a sacred thing."

"Well, well," he said, some of the good nature escaping from his voice (few men wish to have preaching daughters). "It's all some new craze of your curate's, I suppose. Has he found out — better late than never — that Heaven's such a long way off, you have to halloo out pretty loud to make sure of being heard?"

"You make it very hard for me to tell you," said Mary, half offended, half appealing; "but you know Mr. Home has bought a lot of your books on prophecy, and we were talking about it last night. The gift has been given to us again. Yesterday Miss Hall spoke in utterance, and I — I —"

"This morning, eh? — Lord, what a novel idea. Mariechen turned prophetess! My dear little girl, you and your Christian acquaintance had better hire a Bedlam large enough to house you all."

"Oh, father, it is an awful gift; don't scoff."

"Is it, my dear? It all seems much ado about nothing to me. But you woman-kind must have some excitement, I suppose. A girl faints away; one says it is epileptic, another prophetic seizure. For my part, since the effect's the same, I don't see much to choose between them, but doubtless your heretic parson prefers the prophecy. So I think, Mariechen, we'd better stick to that."

Mary looked up with bewildered eyes. She did not quite understand what he meant, yet knew his meaning vexed her. She turned her head wearily round on her



pillow and heard Mrs. Bodley's voice as if it were the echo of a remembered dream, telling her father he should be ashamed of himself to encourage such profane nonsense. Then, with a sense of infinite relief, she listened to their receding footfalls. Left alone, she lay in perfect rest, and felt as though the shadow of the wing of God were sheltering her.

A little wind had sprung up in the morning and made a rushing lullaby. She watched the golden restless leaves of the poplar in the court-yard, the glowing color of the sun-smitten chimney-stacks, the lights and shadows on the unequal roofs, the deep heaving blueness of the sky. As she counted the fluttering leaflets that one blast loosened from their stem, the world grew softer and dimmer, her lids closed, and sweet sleep descended on her eyes.

## CHAPTER IV.

Whether the spirit of greatness or of woman  
Reign most in her, I know not.

DUCHESS OF MALFY.

FOR several days afterwards Mary was too ill to leave her bed. The long previous excitement, and her unaccustomed penances, had left her too weak and frail to find an easy recovery from such an exhausting experience as that of her night and morning of prophecy. She lay in bed and dreamed and was very happy; perhaps these two or three days were the happiest in her life; full of love, peace, possible saintliness and glory. When she came down-stairs again she found herself a person of consequence. Mr. Home had told Mr. Irving of her "speaking in utterance," as the Irvingite community used to phrase it, and many of its most influential leaders came to visit the new prophetess.

Mr. Home was assiduous in his attentions. Mary was to him not only an inspired vessel of God, not only a singularly lovely and delicate young woman, but a thing of his own discovering, whose success was his merit, and, in a degree, his own achievement. While he was regarding her in this complex and intellectual manner, Mary most simply, most unconsciously, fell in love with him. She did not know it until he knew it well; until gratitude joined to pride, hope, reverence of her made him fancy that he loved her too. But for a while he forebore to disturb her silent serenity.

Even when she was grown quite well again, Mary continued for some weeks to give her prophecies in private; for, until

the power was sufficiently strong to speak in intelligible tongue, Mr. Irving discountenanced its use in the churches. None the less when, on one December morning, Mary, for the first time since her illness, set out for Regent's Square to join in the early prayers for the restoration of the gifts, it was with the conviction that something remarkable was expected from her.

The morning was clear and fine, but the early keenness of the air prompted her to a quick walk, and when she reached the church the door was not yet opened. She walked up and down in front, thinking of many things; yet when the church-bell roused her, and, looking up, she saw Mr. Home among the waiting congregation, his appearance seemed the natural sequel to her thoughts. He stepped forward at once, glad to protect her from the eager glances of the crowd, for it had already become known that this absorbed and beautiful young woman was supposed to be a gifted person.

The throng was very great, and every moment it grew larger. Despite the early hour, the unfashionable situation, hundreds of men and women in all grades of life flocked every day to Regent's Square to seek out this new doctrine, if hearing it they might have life. But Andrew missed, with a certain restriction of the heart, many of the familiar faces. Morning by morning their numbers became less; and larger grew the proportion of those who are attracted by any novelty so long as it keeps novel.

At last the heavy doors swung open; the crush thickened; slowly the tide of living beings flooded the church. Andrew and Mary found themselves — they scarcely knew how — in one of the crowded galleries. From there they could see the minister in the pulpit, a tall, almost gigantic, figure, with a solemn simplicity of demeanor. He began to read a passage from St. Paul, in a slow, emphatic style, rather as though he were thinking aloud on a difficult matter than as if he were reading the lessons of the day. Suddenly Mary rose to her feet, and stood, one hand lifted on high, stiff and silent, for a moment. And then her prophecy began, rising and falling in a sort of natural chant.

"Ah, will ye despise the voice of the Lord? reject not his love! Ah, reject not his love. But cry to your Father; cry, in the bitterness of your souls, in a mourning and wailing before the Lord, and sighing and crying unto the Lord, be-

cause of the desolations of Zion, because of the desolations of Zion!"

Every soul in the crowded church was thrilled and startled; every face in the listening throng was turned towards that girlish figure, erect, commanding, the sunlight streaming across her hair and dress. A moment she paused thus. Then the unnatural voice broke out again in tones of deeper sweetness.

"Ah, shut him not out, shut not out your Saviour! I have set before thee an open door, an open door: let no man shut it! Ah, enter now, the day is almost closed!"

The voice ceased again, but now no pause of silence followed. The first moment of hushed awe was past. The church was all confusion; men standing on the seats pressed eagerly forward to see what prophet spoke; women shrieked; many seized by sudden fear and repentance sobbed aloud in a passion of abasement. A reporter, safely ensconced behind a pillar, was taking notes. The crowd, thus shut in the narrow seats, surged and eddied like a sea pent in some rocky strait, for some pressed forwards to the altar-rails, others fain would have made for the doors. So dense and various-minded was the throng, that fainting women were forced for several minutes to keep their station with the others in the aisles. Mary, standing above, looked beyond this scene with fixed and shining eyes. Then the voice began anew,—

"Behold, the day of judgment is at hand! Behold, the end is near! A hundred days shall pass ere the spirit of the Lord shall come upon ye; and, lo! your baptism shall be of fire!"

Above the shrill confusion of the nave, the loud voice rang, calming the disorder. Believers fell upon their knees and prayed with thankful hearts. For the others, since the event at least was not to be to-day, they went out quietly, free from panic. The minister had taken his place by the altar; looking where Mary knelt, he saw that she was sobbing violently. "Console yourself, sister," he cried, "console yourself!"

But Mary did not need his consolation. She wept for joy, for thanksgiving that the long-prayed-for moment had arrived, for a terrified delight that she was made the voice of the will of God.

Thus weeping, she heard the benediction given and knew that gradually the church was cleared. When at length she raised her head, the gallery was almost

empty; but still Andrew Home was kneeling at her side.

From The Athenæum.

#### REMINISCENCES OF GEORGE BORROW.

##### I.

I HAVE just been reading those charming reminiscences of George Borrow which appeared in the *Athenæum* of August 13th. I have been reading them, I may add, under the happiest conditions for enjoying them—amid the self-same heather and bracken where I have so often listened to Lavengro's quaint talk of all the wondrous things he saw and heard in his wondrous life. So graphically has Mr. Hake depicted him, that as I walked and read his paper I seemed to hear the fine East Anglian accent of the well-remembered voice,—I seemed to see the mighty figure, strengthened by the years rather than stricken by them, striding along between the whin bushes or through the quags, now stooping over the water to pluck the wild mint he loved, whose lilac-colored blossoms perfumed the air as he crushed them, now stopping to watch the water-wagtail by the ponds as he descended upon the powers of that enchanted bird—powers, like many human endowments, more glorious than pleasant, if it is sober truth, as Borrow would gravely tell, that the gipsy lad who knocks a water-wagtail on the head with a stone gains for a bride a "ladye from a far countrie," and dazzles with his good luck all the other black-eyed young urchins of the dingle.

Though my own intimacy with Borrow did not begin till he was considerably advanced in years, and ended on his finally quitting London for Oulton, there were circumstances in our intercourse—circumstances, I mean, connected partly with temperament and partly with mutual experience—which make me doubt whether any one understood him better than I did, or broke more thoroughly through that exclusiveness of temper which isolated him from all but a few. However, be this as it may, no one at least realized more fully than I how lovable was his nature, with all his angularities—how simple and courageous, how manly and noble. His shyness, his apparent coldness, his crotchety obstinacy, repelled people, and consequently those who at any time during his life really understood him must have been very few. How was it, then, that such a man wan-

dered about over Europe and fraternized so completely with a race so suspicious and intractable as the gipsies? A natural enough question, which I have often been asked, and this is my reply.

Those who know the gipsies will understand me when I say that this suspicious and wary race of wanderers — suspicious and wary from an instinct transmitted through ages of dire persecutions from the Children of the Roof — will readily fraternize with a blunt, single-minded, and shy eccentric like Borrow, while perhaps the skilful man of the world may find all his tact and *savoir faire* useless and, indeed, in the way. And the reason of this is not far to seek, perhaps. What a gipsy most dislikes is the feeling that his "gorgio" interlocutor is thinking about him; for, alas! to be the object of "gorgio" thoughts, — has it not been a most dangerous and mischievous honor to every gipsy since first his mysterious race was driven to accept the grudging hospitality of the Western world? A gipsy hates to be watched, and knows at once when he is being watched; for in tremulous delicacy of apprehension his organization is far beyond that of an Englishman, or, indeed, of any member of any of the thick-fingered races of Europe. One of the results of this excessive delicacy is that a gipsy can always tell to a surety whether a "gorgio" companion is thinking about him, or whether the "gorgio's" thoughts are really and genuinely occupied with the fishing-rod, the net, the gin, the gun, or whatsoever may be the common source of interest that has drawn them together. Now, George Borrow, after the first one or two awkward interviews were well over, would lapse into a kind of unconscious ruminating bluntness, a pronounced and angular self-dependence, which might well disarm the suspiciousness of the most wary gipsy, from the simple fact that it was genuine. Hence, as I say, among the few who understood Borrow his gipsy friends very likely stood first — outside, of course, his family circle. And surely this is an honor to Borrow; for the gipsies, notwithstanding certain undeniable obliquities in matters of morals and cuisine, are the only people left in the island who are still free from British vulgarity (perhaps because they are not British). It is no less an honor to them, for while he lived the island did not contain a nobler English gentleman than him they called the "Romany Rye." Borrow's descriptions of gipsy life are, no doubt, too deeply charged with

the rich lights shed from his own personality to entirely satisfy a more matter-of-fact observer, and I am not going to say that he is anything like so photographic as Mr. Groome, for instance, or so trustworthy. But then it should never be forgotten that Borrow was, before everything else, a poet. If this statement should be challenged by "the present time," let me tell the present time that by poet I do not mean merely a man who is skilled in writing lyrics and sonnets and that kind of thing, but primarily a man who has the poetic gift of seeing through "the shows of things" and knowing where he is — the gift of drinking deeply of the waters of life and of feeling grateful to nature for so sweet a draught; a man who, while acutely feeling the ineffable pathos of human life, can also feel how sweet a thing it is to live, having so great and rich a queen as nature for his mother, and for companions any number of such amusing creatures as men and women. In this sense I cannot but set Borrow, with his love of nature and his love of adventure, very high among poets — as high, perhaps, as I place another dweller in tents, Sylvester Boswell himself, "the well-known and popalated gipsy of "Codling Gap," who, like Borrow, is famous for "his great knowledge in grammaring one of the ancientist langes on record," and whose touching preference of a gipsy tent to a roof, "on the account of health, sweetness of the air, and for enjoying the pleasure of nature's life," is expressed with a poetical feeling such as Chaucer might have known had he not, as a court poet, been too genteel. "Enjoying the pleasure of nature's life!" That is what Borrow did; and how few there are that understand it!

The self-consciousness which in the presence of man produces that kind of shyness which was Borrow's characteristic left him at once when he was with nature alone or in the company of an intimate friend. At her, no man's gaze was more frank and childlike than his. Hence the charm of his books. No man's writing can take you into the country as Borrow's can: it makes you feel the sunshine, see the meadows, smell the flowers, hear the skylark sing and the grasshopper chirrup. Who else can do it? I know of none. And as to personal intercourse with him, if I were asked what was the chief delight of this, I should say that it was the delight of bracingness. A walking tour with a self-conscious lover of the picturesque — an "interviewer" of nature

with a note-book — worrying you to admire *him* for admiring nature so much, is one of those occasional calamities of life which a gentleman and a Christian must sometimes heroically bear, but the very thought of which will paralyze with fear the sturdiest nature-worshipper, whom no crevasse nor avalanche nor treacherous mist can appal. But a walk and talk with Borrow as he strode through the bracken on an autumn morning had the exhilarating effect upon his companion of a draught of the brightest mountain air. And this was the result not, assuredly, of any exuberance of animal spirits (Borrow, indeed, was subject to fits of serious depression), but rather of a feeling he induced that between himself and all nature, from the clouds floating lazily over head to the scented heather, crisp and purple, under foot, there was an entire fitness and harmony — a sort of mutual understanding, indeed. There was, I say, something bracing in the very look of this silvery-haired giant as he strode along with a kind of easy sloping movement, like that of a St. Bernard dog (the most deceptive of all movements as regards pace), his beardless face (quite matchless for symmetrical beauty) beaded with the healthy perspiration-drops of strong exercise, and glowing and rosy in the sun.

As a vigorous old man Borrow never had an equal, I think. There has been much talk of late of the vigor of Shelley's friend, E. J. Trelawny. I knew that splendid old corsair, and admired his agility of limb and of brain; but at seventy Borrow could have walked off with Trelawny under his arm. At seventy years of age, after breakfasting at eight o'clock in Hereford Square, he would walk to Putney, meet one or more of us at Roehampton, roam about Wimbledon and Richmond Park with us, bathe in the Fen Ponds with a north-east wind cutting across the icy water like a razor, run about the grass afterwards like a boy to shake off some of the water-drops, stride about the park for hours, and then, after fasting for twelve hours, eat a dinner at Roehampton that would have done Sir Walter Scott's eyes good to see. Finally, he would walk back to Hereford Square, getting home late at night. And if the physique of the man was bracing, his conversation, unless he happened to be suffering from one of his occasional fits of depression, was still more so. Its freshness, raciness, and eccentric whim no pen could describe. There is a kind of humor the delight of which is that while you smile at

the pictures it draws, you smile quite as much or more to think that there is a mind so whimsical, crotchety, and odd as to draw them. This was the humor of Borrow. His command of facial expression — though he seemed to exercise it almost involuntarily and unconsciously — had, no doubt, much to do with this charm. Once, when he was talking to me about the men of Charles Lamb's day — the *London Magazine* set — I asked him what kind of a man was the notorious and infamous Griffiths Wainewright. In a moment Borrow's face changed: his mouth broke into a Carker-like smile, his eyes became elongated to an expression that was at once fawning and sinister, as he said, "Wainewright! He used to sit in an armchair close to the fire and *smile* all the evening like *this*." He made me see Wainewright and hear his voice as plainly as though I had seen him and heard him in the publishers' parlor. His vocabulary, rich in picturesque words of the high-road and dingle, his quaint countrified phrases, might also have added to the effect of this kind of eccentric humor. "A duncie book — of course it's duncie — it's only duncie books that sell nowadays," he would shout when some new "immortal poem" or "greatest work of the age" was mentioned. Mr. Tennyson, I fear, was the representative duncie poet of the time; but that was because nothing could ever make Borrow realize the fact that Mr. Tennyson was not the latest juvenile representative of a "duncie" age; and although, according to Mr. Leland, the author of "*Sordello*" is (as is natural, perhaps) the only bard known in the gipsy tent, it is doubtful whether even his name was more than a name to Borrow; indeed, I think that people who had no knowledge of Romany, Welsh, and Armenian were all more or less "duncie." As a trap to catch the "foaming vipers," his critics, he in "*Lavengro*" purposely misspelt certain Armenian and Welsh words, just to have the triumph of saying in another volume that they who had attacked him on so many points had failed to discover that he had wrongly given *zhats* as the nominative of the Armenian noun for bread, while everybody in England, especially every critic, ought to know that *zhats* is the accusative form.

I will try, however, to give the reader an idea of the whim of Borrow's conversation, by giving it in something like a dramatic form. Let the reader suppose himself on a summer's evening at that delightful old roadside inn the Bald-Faced

Stag, in the Roehampton Valley, near Richmond Park, where are sitting, over a "cup" (to use Borrow's word) of foaming ale, "Lavengro" himself, one of his oldest friends, and a new acquaintance, a certain student of things in general lately introduced to Borrow and nearly, but not quite, admitted behind the hedge of Borrow's shyness, as may be seen by the initiated from a certain rather constrained, half-resentful expression on his face. Jerry Abershaw's sword (the chief trophy of mine host) has been introduced, and Borrow's old friend has been craftily endeavoring to turn the conversation upon that ever fresh and fruitful topic, but in vain. Suddenly the song of a nightingale, perched on a tree not far off, rings pleasantly through the open window and fills the room with a new atmosphere of poetry and romance. "That nightingale has as fine a voice," says Borrow, "as though he were born and bred in the eastern counties." Borrow is proud of being an East Anglian, of which the student has already been made aware and which he now turns to good account in the important business he has set himself, of melting Lavengro's frost and being admitted a member of the Open-Air Club. "Ah!" says the wily student, "I know the eastern counties; no nightingales like those, especially Norfolk nightingales." Borrow's face begins to slightly brighten, but still he does not direct his attention to the stranger, who proceeds to remark that although the southern counties are so much warmer than Norfolk, some of them, such as Cornwall and Devon, are without nightingales. Borrow's face begins to get brighter still, and he looks out of the window with a smile, as though he were being suddenly carried back to the green lanes of his beloved Norfolk. "From which well-known fact of ornithology," continues the student, "I am driven to infer that in their choice of habitat nightingales are guided not so much by considerations of latitude as of good taste." Borrow's anger is evidently melting away. The talk runs still upon nightingales, and the student mentions the attempt to settle them in Scotland once made by Sir John Sinclair, who introduced nightingales' eggs from England into robins' nests in Scotland, in the hope that the young nightingales, after enjoying a Scotch summer, would return to the place of their birth, after the custom of English nightingales. "And did they return?" says Borrow, with as much interest as if the honor of his country were

involved in the question. "Return to Scotland?" says the student quietly; "the entire animal kingdom are agreed, you know, in never returning to Scotland. Besides, the nightingales' eggs in question were laid in Norfolk." Conquered at last, Borrow extends the hand of brotherhood to the impudent student (whose own private opinion, no doubt, is that Norfolk is more successful in producing Nelsons than nightingales), and proceeds without more ado to tell how "poor Jerry Abershaw," on being captured by the Bow Street runners, had left his good sword behind him as a memento of highway glories soon to be ended on the gallows tree. (By-the-bye, I wonder where that sword is now; it was bought by Mr. Adolphus Levy, of Alton Lodge, at the closing of the Bald-Faced Stag.)

From Jerry Abershaw Borrow gets upon other equally interesting topics, such as the decadence of beer and pugilism, and the nobility of the now neglected British bruiser, as exemplified especially in the case of the noble Pearce, who lost his life through rushing up a staircase and rescuing a woman from a burning house after having on a previous occasion rescued another woman by blacking the eyes of six gamekeepers, who had been set upon her by some noble lord or another. Then, while the ale sparkles with a richer color as the evening lights grow deeper, the talk gets naturally upon "lords" in general, gentility, nonsense, and "hoity-toityism" as the canker at the heart of modern civilization.

## II.

BORROW could look at nature without thinking of himself—a rare gift, for nature, as I have said, has been disappointed in man. Her great desire from the first has been to grow an organism so conscious that it can turn round and look at her with intelligent eyes. She has done so at last, but the consciousness is so high as to be self-conscious, and man cannot for egotism look at his mother after all. Borrow was a great exception. Thoreau's self-consciousness showed itself in presence of nature, Borrow's in presence of man. The very basis of Borrow's nature was reverence. His unswerving belief in the beneficence of God was most beautiful—most touching. In his life Borrow had suffered much: a temperament such as his must needs suffer much—so shy it was, so proud, and yet yearning for a close sympathy such as no creature and only solitary communing with



nature can give. Under any circumstances, I say, Borrow would have known how sharp and cruel are the flints along the road—how tender are a poet's feet; but *his* road at one time was rough indeed; not when he was with his gipsy friends (for a tent is freer than a roof, according to the grammarian of Codling Gap, and roast hedgehog is the daintiest of viands), but when he was toiling in London, his fine gifts unrecognized and useless—that was when Borrow passed through the fire. Yet every sorrow and every disaster of his life he traced to the kindly hand of a benevolent and wise Father, who sometimes will use a whip of scorpions, but only to chastise into a right and happy course the children he loves. Apart from the instinctive rectitude of his nature, it was with Borrow a deep-rooted conviction that sin never goes, and never can go, unpunished. His doctrine, indeed, was something like the Buddhist doctrine of *karma*—it was based on an instinctive apprehension of the sacredness of "law" in the most universal acceptance of that word. Sylvester Boswell's definition of a free man, in that fine, self-respective certificate of his, as one who is "free from all cares or fears of law that may come against him," is, indeed, the gospel of every true nature-worshipper. The moment Thoreau spurned the legal tax-gatherer the law locked the nature-worshipper in gaol. To enjoy nature the soul *must* be free—free not only from tax-gatherers, but from sin; for every wrongful act awakes, out of the mysterious bosom of nature herself, its own peculiar serpent, having its own peculiar stare, but always hungry and bloody-fanged, which follows the delinquent's feet whithersoever they go, gliding through the dewy grass on the brightest morning, dodging round the trees on the calmest eve, wriggling across the brook where the wrongdoer would fain linger on the stepping-stones to soothe his soul with the sight of the happy minnows shooting between the water weeds—following him everywhere, in short, till at last, in sheer desperation, he must needs stop and turn, and bare his breast to the fangs; when, having yielded up to the thing its fill of atoning blood, nature breaks into her old smile again, and he goes on his way in peace.

All this Borrow understood better than any man I have ever met. Yet even into his doctrine of Providence Borrow imported such an element of whim that it was impossible to listen to him sometimes

without a smile. For instance, having arrived at the conclusion that a certain lieutenant had been cruelly ill used by genteel magnates high in office, Borrow discovered that since that iniquity Providence had frowned on the British arms, and went on to trace the disastrous blunder of Balaklava to this cause. Again, having decided that Sir Walter Scott's worship of gentility and Jacobitism had been the main cause of the revival of flunkeyism and Popery in England, Borrow saw in the dreadful monetary disasters which overclouded Scott's last days the hand of God, whose plan was to deprive him of the worldly position Scott worshipped at the very moment when his literary fame (which he misprized) was dazzling the world.

And now as to the gipsy wanderings. As I have said, no man has been more entirely misunderstood than Borrow. That a man who certainly did (as Mr. Groome says) look like a "colossal clergyman" should have joined the gipsies, that he should have wandered over England and Europe, content often to have the grass for his bed and the sky for his hostelry, has astonished very much (and I believe scandalized very much) this age. My explanation of the matter is this. Among the myriads of children born into a world of brick and mortar there appears now and then one who is meant for better things—one who exhibits unmistakable signs that he inherits the blood of those remote children of the open air who, according to the old Sabæan notion, on the plains of Asia lived with nature, loved nature and were loved by her, and from whom all men are descended. George Borrow was one of those who show the olden strain. Now, for such a man, born in a country like England, where the modern fanaticism of house-worship has reached a condition which can only be called maniacal, what is there left but to try for a time the gipsy's tent? On the Continent house-worship is strong enough in all conscience; but in France, in Spain, in Italy, even in Germany, people do think of something beyond the house. But here, where there are no romantic crimes, to get a genteel house, to keep (or "run") a genteel house, or to pretend to keep (or "run") a genteel house, is the great first cause of almost every British delinquency, from envy and malignant slander up to forgery, robbery, and murder. And yet it is a fact, as Borrow discovered (when a mere lad in a solicitor's office), that to men in health the house need not, and

should not, be the all-absorbing consideration, but should be quite secondary to considerations of honesty and sweet air, pure water, clean linen, good manners, freedom to migrate at will, and, above all, freedom from "all cares or fears of law" that may come against a man in the shape of debts, duns, and tax-gatherers.

Against this folly of softening our bodies by "snugness" and degrading our souls by "flunkeyism," Borrow's early life was a protest. He saw that if it were really unwholesome for man to be shone upon by the sun, blown upon by the winds, and rained upon by the rain, like all the other animals, man would never have existed at all, for sun and wind and rain have produced him and everything that lives. He saw that for the cultivation of health, honesty, and good behavior every man born in the temperate zone ought, unless King Circumstance says no, to spend in the open air eight or nine hours at least out of the twenty-four, and ought to court rather than to shun nature's sweet shower-bath the rain, unless, of course, his chest is weak.

The evanescence of literary fame is strikingly illustrated by recalling at this moment my first sight of Borrow. I could not have been much more than a boy, for I and a friend had gone down to Yarmouth in March to enjoy the luxury of bathing in a Yarmouth sea, and it is certainly a "good while" — to use Borrow's phrase — since I considered *that* a luxury suitable to March. On the morning after our arrival, having walked some distance out of Yarmouth, we threw down our clothes and towels upon the sand some few yards from another heap of clothes, which indicated, to our surprise, that we were not, after all, the only people in Yarmouth who could bathe in a biting wind; and soon we perceived, ducking in an immense billow that came curving and curling towards the shore, such a pair of shoulders as I had not seen for a long time, crowned by a head white and glistening as burnished silver. (Borrow's hair was white, I believe, when he was quite a young man.) When the wave had broken upon the sand, there was the bather wallowing on the top of the water like a Polar bear disporting in an Arctic sun. In swimming Borrow clawed the water like a dog. I had plunged into the surf and got very close to the swimmer, whom I perceived to be a man of almost gigantic proportions, when suddenly an instinct told me that it was Lavengro himself, who lived thereabouts, and the feel-

ing that it was he so entirely stopped the action of my heart that I sank for a moment like a stone, soon to rise again, however, in glow of pleasure and excitement: so august a presence was Lavengro's then! I ought to say, however, that Borrow was at that time my hero. From my childhood I had taken the deepest interest in proscribed races such as the Gypsies, but especially in the persecuted children of Roma. I had read accounts of whole families being executed in past times for no other crime than that of their being born gypsies, and tears, childish and yet bitter, had I shed over their woes. Now Borrow was the recognized champion of the gypsies — the friend and companion, indeed, of the proscribed and persecuted races of the world. Nor was this all: I saw in him more of the true nature instinct than in any other writer — or so, at least, I imagined. To walk out from a snug house at Rydal Mount for the purpose of making poetical sketches for publication seemed to me a very different thing from having no home but a tent in a dingle, or rather from Borrow's fashion of making all nature your home. Although I would have given worlds to go up and speak to him as he was tossing his clothes upon his back, I could not do it. Morning after morning did I see him undress, wallow in the sea, come out again, give me a somewhat sour look, dress, and then stride away inland at a tremendous pace, but never could I speak to him; and many years passed before I saw him again. He was then half forgotten.

For an introduction to him at last I was indebted to Dr. Gordon Hake, the poet, who had known Borrow for many years, and whose friendship Borrow cherished above most things — as is usual, indeed, with the friends of Dr. Hake. This was done with some difficulty, for, in calling at Roehampton for a walk through Richmond Park and about the Common, Borrow's first question was always, "Are you alone?" and no persuasion could induce him to stay unless it could be satisfactorily shown that he would not be "pestered by strangers." On a certain morning, however, he called, and suddenly coming upon me, there was no retreating, and we were introduced. He tried to be as civil as possible, but evidently he was much annoyed. Yet there was something in the very tone of his voice that drew my heart to him, for to me he was the Lavengro of my boyhood still. My own shyness had been long before fingered off by the rough handling of the world, but his

retained all the bloom of youth, and a terrible barrier it was, yet I attacked it manfully. I knew that Borrow had read but little except in his own out-of-the-way directions; but then unfortunately, like all specialists, he considered that in these his own special directions lay all the knowledge that was of any value. Accordingly, what appeared to Borrow as the most striking characteristic of the present age was its ignorance. Unfortunately, too, I knew that for strangers to talk of his own published books or of gipsies appeared to him to be "prying," though there I should have been quite at home. I knew, however, that in the obscure English pamphlet literature of the last century, recording the sayings and doings of eccentric people and strange adventurers, Borrow was very learned, and I too chanced to be far from ignorant in that direction. I touched on Bamfylde Moore Carew, but without effect. Borrow evidently considered that every properly educated man was familiar with the story of Bamfylde Moore Carew in its every detail. Then I touched upon beer, the British bruiser, "gentility nonsense," the "trumpety great;" then upon etymology, traced hoity-toityism to *toit*, a roof, — but only to have my shallow philology dismissed with a withering smile. I tried other subjects in the same direction, but with small success, till in a lucky moment I bethought myself of Ambrose Gwinnett. There is a very scarce eighteenth-century pamphlet narrating the story of Ambrose Gwinnett, the man who, after having been hanged and gibbeted for murdering a traveller with whom he had shared a double-bedded room at a seaside inn, revived in the night, escaped from the gibbet irons, went to sea as a common sailor, and afterwards met on a British man-of-war the very man he had been hanged for murdering. The truth was that Gwinnett's supposed victim, having been attacked on the night in question by a violent bleeding at the nose, had risen and left the house for a few minutes' walk in the sea-breeze, when the press-gang captured him and bore him off to sea, where he had been in service ever since. The story is true, and the pamphlet, Borrow afterwards told me (I know not on what authority), was written by Goldsmith from Gwinnett's dictation for a platter of cow-heel.

To the bewilderment of Dr. Hake, I introduced the subject of Ambrose Gwinnett in the same manner as I might have introduced the story of "Achilles' wrath," and appealed to Dr. Hake (who, of course,

had never heard of the book or the man) as to whether a certain incident in the pamphlet had gained or lost by the dramatist who, at one of the minor theatres, had many years ago dramatized the story. Borrow was caught at last. "What?" said he, "you know that pamphlet about Ambrose Gwinnett?" "Know it?" said I, in a hurt tone, as though he had asked me if I knew "Macbeth;" "Of course I know Ambrose Gwinnett, Mr. Borrow, don't you?" "And you know the play?" said he. "Of course I do, Mr. Borrow," I said, in a tone that was now a little angry at such an insinuation of crass ignorance. "Why," said he, "it's years and years since it was acted; I never was much of a theatre man, but I did go to see *that*." "Well, I should rather think you *did*, Mr. Borrow," said I. "But," said he, staring hard at me, "*you* — you were not born!" "And I was not born," said I, "when the 'Agamemnon' was produced, and yet one reads the 'Agamemnon,' Mr. Borrow. I have read the drama of 'Ambrose Gwinnett.' I have it bound in morocco, with some more of Douglas Jerrold's early transpontine plays, and some Æschylean dramas by Mr. Fitzball. I will lend it to you, Mr. Borrow, if you like." He was completely conquered. "Hake!" he cried, in a loud voice, regardless of my presence, "Hake! your friend knows everything." Then he murmured to himself, "Wonderful man! Knows Ambrose Gwinnett!"

It is such delightful reminiscences as these that will cause me to have as long as I live a very warm place in my heart for the memory of George Borrow.

From that time I used to see Borrow often at Roehampton, sometimes at Putney, and sometimes, but not often, in London. I could have seen much more of him than I did had not the whirlpool of London, into which I plunged for a time, borne me away from this most original of men; and this is what I so greatly lament now: for of Borrow it may be said, as it was said of a greater man still, that "after nature made *him* she forthwith broke the mould." The last time I ever saw him was shortly before he left London to live in the country. It was, I remember well, on Waterloo Bridge, where I had stopped to gaze at a sunset of singular and striking splendor, whose gorgeous clouds and ruddy mists were reeling and boiling over the West End. Borrow came up and stood leaning over the parapet, entranced by the sight, as well he might be. Like most people born in flat districts, he had

a passion for sunsets. Turner could not have painted that one, I think, and certainly my pen could not describe it; for the London smoke was flushed by the sinking sun and had lost its dunness, and, reddening every moment as it rose above the roofs, steeples, and towers, it went curling round the sinking sun in a rosy vapor, leaving, however, just a segment of a golden rim, which gleamed as dazzlingly as in the thinnest and clearest air—a peculiar effect which struck Borrow deeply. I never saw such a sunset before or since, not even on Waterloo Bridge; and from its association with "the l-a-t of Borrow" I shall never forget it.

#### A LARK ON WATERLOO BRIDGE.

(A REMINISCENCE.)

We talked of "Children of the Open Air"  
Who once in Orient valleys lived aloof,  
Loving the sun, the wind, the sweet reproof  
Of storms, and all that makes the fair earth  
fair,  
Till, on a day, across the mystic bar  
Of moonrise, came the "Children of the  
Roof,"  
Who find no balm 'neath Evening's rosiest  
woof,  
Nor dews of peace beneath the Morning Star.

We looked o'er London where men wither and  
choke,  
Roofed in, poor souls, renouncing stars and  
skies,  
And lore of woods and wild wind-prophe-  
cies—  
Yea, every voice that to their fathers spoke:  
And sweet it seemed to die ere bricks and  
smoke  
Leave never a meadow outside Paradise.

THEODORE WATTS.

From The Spectator.

#### ELECTRICITY AS A FACTOR IN HAPPINESS.

PERHAPS the most marked feature of the hour, outside politics, is the anxious and hopeful attention paid to applications of electricity. Investigation and experiment have been going on for years, hundreds of minds have given themselves to the subject; in one department, telegraphy, great results have been achieved and great fortunes made; but this explosion of interest in the matter is new. The world, as sometimes occurs to it, is on intellectual tiptoe. The terminology of the science is novel and unusually abomina-

ble, the difficulty of showing experiments is considerable, and the reporters constantly misunderstand alike what they hear and what they see; but the interest of the public overcomes every obstacle. At the meeting of the British Association, nothing attracted like electricity, the papers even republishing long discourses which, for most of their readers, might as well have been written in Greek; while no telegrams are read so eagerly as the excessively crass ones in which the wonderful show of electric appliances now going on in Paris is so dully described. The special correspondents are shown everything, and not only understand nothing, but seem to lose their control of their art, and cannot even describe. The interest is the more noteworthy because it is the interest of expectation, rather than the interest of assured faith. The electric savants, unlike most men of science, are doing their thinking aloud, performing experiments in public, talking to each other across continents and in the ears of half mankind, showing instruments which they confess are imperfect, exhibiting processes which are acknowledged to be merely tentative, securing patents which are defended as only "precautionary," and in many instances letting drop hints as to the methods by which they are inquiring, and the results they barely hope to obtain, which on other subjects would arouse in their hearers a sense of angry tedium. The public, however, is tireless upon electricity. It has one big fact to go upon, the electric telegraph—the one thing, perhaps, which Friar Bacon, if he could come back for a week, and talk to the luminaries of science, would admit to surpass his reveries—and in spite of the doubts of the scientific, who are excited, too, and see their way to many things, but do not yet see their way to a lot of electric force cheap, the public persists in believing that steam is played out, and that the world is about to have a greater, less cumbrous, and more universally applicable force placed at its disposal. Thousands who know no more what an "Ohm" is than they know what Arius taught are the happier for that belief, and hold it fixedly. The world may be wrong, as it was wrong when it fell into a similar condition of excitement about Montgolfier's balloon. There was the balloon, and it did go up, and better balloons were made, and have been going up ever since from dancing platforms, and besieged cities, and battlefields, and all manner of places; but the world is not flying, for all

that, national boundaries have not disappeared, and there are custom-houses still existing. The world, however, this time does not think itself wrong; the scientific men, though not quite certain — being worried in their minds, as we said, as to where that cheap lot of force is to come from, unless they can previously accomplish the task of controlling Niagara, or passing the Atlantic tide through a stop-cock, or utilizing the earth's rotation — are inclined to agree with the world; and the mechanics point, with a sort of awed laugh, half-triumph, half-puzzlement, to what has already been done.

That is really very surprising in its suggestiveness. No electric appliance not intended for the transmission or messages is as yet perfect, or rather, we should say, complete; but still the first idea of impossibility has, in many departments of work, been finally removed, and that is a great step. Electricity — we shall want a shorter word very soon, O philologists! and a better one, "amberishness" being a stupid description, and the proper one, if you knew it, would be "Indra" — can already be made to do many things, though it does them all imperfectly, expensively, or with a certain uneasy hesitation, as if some Demiurgus did not quite know whether he was justified in giving such power as that to such a race as man, and every now and then held his hand. Man may — and man will, if ten more years are given him — use his new slave upon his favorite work, the only work he permanently and always admires, that of killing his brothers wholesale; and Demiurgus may be worried about that. Still, electric work is done, and work greater than ringing angry little hotel bells. There is, to begin with, always the telegraph, which does take messages across the Atlantic ahead of time. Then, though the big electric lights flicker and go out unexpectedly, and the little lights are not as bright as they should be, and all the lights are more or less disagreeable in color, and nobody will give you the least dependable hint about cost, and everybody tells a different story about the distance at which the force begins to tire and slacken, there is certainly light, light, if you will pay the money, almost limitless in quantity, and in practice able to go all the distance from the generator that is wanted. And slowly, slowly, but quite visibly, the obstacles to the use of that light pass away. Subdivision, the old difficulty, considered insuperable, has been mastered; a measuring instrument

for the light consumed has been invented; yesterday, some weeks ago, the color of light that human eyes find easiest was secured; to-day — this very week — the flicker has been conquered by an application of Faure's accumulator; and to-morrow, perhaps, the easiest, cheapest, and handiest generator of the force will be shown to a Parisian audience, anxious chiefly to know if with electricity substituted for gas, theatres will not light up very well indeed. There is light, and, moreover, movable light, which seemed impossible. On Monday, while the British Association were discussing the use of the light in mines, and lamenting the chance of explosion at the point where the wire enters the lamp, Mr. Swan produced a lamp which, by the aid of Faure's secondary battery, dispenses with the wire. It will only burn six hours, but it can be carried about, and refilled at will from the wire connected with the central generator. That lamp next year will burn twenty-four hours, and then we have a lamp universally useful for domestic purposes. Again, though no great feat of hauling, or heaving, or pushing has yet been performed by electricity, we know the force can be made to push and haul and heave. A man has driven about Paris in an electric tricycle; a girl has sewn a shirt with a sewing-machine moved by the same power; a bit of rock has been attacked by an electric borer; a toy boat runs about in a lake driven by electricity; and best of all, Messrs. Siemens are now carrying passengers in a "tram," which has no other motor than the electric "fluid," or modification of motion, or whatever it ought to be called. It is not only probable, but certain, that many of the difficulties now impeding the application of the force to heavy work will be dissolved, under the pressure of the brain-power now applied to them from every corner of the civilized world; and quite possible that in a year or two a cheap method of generating electricity will be applied — not discovered, for we know already that falling water, in governable masses, is what is wanted — and that the storage of the force will not only be a credible, but an easily accomplished, process. That is not supposing more than has occurred in the application of electricity to message-sending, and that accomplished, and cost reduced, as science always reduces it, we should have from the new agent at least two things — a light, full, permanent, and cheap, to be used wherever wanted, in the street, work-



shop, and house, as in the mine; and a motor, manageable, tireless, light, and as effective for small work in the hands of the individual as for great work in the hands of a mighty company. That which will drive a railway train will drive a girl's sewing-machine or a boy's mechanical horse, that which will urge a rock-borer will help to carve a sixpenny bloodstone seal. Indra chained can be made to perform all tasks that can be performed by unintelligent force.

And these things gained, what will be the addition to human happiness? It is always necessary to ask that question, for, as a rule, the grand prizes of human intelligence, the additions to human knowledge of which we are so proud, have added little to the happiness of the millions who, and not the few rich, constitute man. The growth of wisdom, especially of political wisdom, has probably, by abolishing slavery and diminishing terror, whether proceeding from kings, or armed enemies, or domestic criminals, done more to increase the happiness of the race than all that science, usually so called, has ever achieved. Freedom from oppression has secured more for Englishmen, measured directly in happiness, than steam, just as security from robbers has done more for their wealth than the electric telegraph. It would be difficult, indeed, to prove that any great scientific discovery, — except the lucifer-match, which made light and heat, as it were, portable, chloroform, which extinguished some forms of pain, and vaccination, — has ever done very much to reduce the mighty sum of human misery. There would seem, however, if all hopes be justified — even excluding these hopes raised in a somewhat dim way by Dr. Siemens' strange experiments with plants, experiments which somehow raise in minds not usually fanciful a sort of sympathy with plants, as if they must suffer, instead of benefiting, as they appear to do, from the sleeplessness to which he condemns them — to be good omens for man in electricity. Light in the bowels of the earth, permanent, pellucid, and safe, must indefinitely diminish the terror and the toil of those who work there, even if it does, as we fear it will, protract the hours of labor; and miners of all kinds are many, and we want more from inside the world. Bright light, indeed, if it can but be carried about, must relieve man at least of the terror of darkness; and terror, not pain, is for humanity — which is in the aggregate timid, but healthy — the mas-

ter evil. Then it would seem probable that in electricity we have a motor which will do what steam has not done, add to the strength and freedom of the individual; and that must be a gain. The instinct of luxury is rarely wrong when it is permanent, and the desire of the rich for horses and carriages must, if realized by the poor, increase their happiness. Rushing about is not happiness, but freedom of locomotion is an element in it, and in the electric tricycle there is a probability of that for all healthy men. The power of working a machine which will do almost all labor must be, one would think, to man a gain almost equivalent to increased health, or a doubled strength of muscle. The peasant may have no more land, but the electric plough will do his spade-work as well in less time and with less expenditure of vital energy — for of all classes, it is not ploughmen who live longest, as, in the idyllic theory, it should be, but gamekeepers and clergymen — and the additional force gained in agriculture will be gained also in every department of human labor, the weaver guiding without stooping an electric loom, while the shoemaker orders the fluid to perfect his stitches. Electricity is force without the limitations which make cumbrous steam comparatively so useless; and if anything can make man happier, except more resignation, it must be an increase of force granted to every one for the battle with the blind powers of earth, which yield only to compulsion his food and drink.

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From The Times.

#### ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES IN EGYPT.

LONG before the *savants* have had time to peruse, ponder over, or profit by the wonders unearthed at Sakkara, they are now suddenly overwhelmed with a fresh supply of material in the form of the largest papyri yet known, and by the apparition of the mummies, with all their mortuary appendages and inscriptions, of no less than thirty royal personages. This discovery calls for special interest in England, for among the thirty royal mummies are to be found those of King Thutmes III. and of King Ramses II. It was the former who ordered the construction of the obelisk which now stands upon the Thames Embankment, and it was the latter who, two hundred and seventy years afterwards, caused his own official titles and honors to be inscribed

upon its faces besides those of Thutmes III. These two monarchs now lie side by side in the Boulak Museum, and even the flowers and garlands which were placed in their coffins may to-day be seen encircling the masks which cover the faces of the deceased just as they were left by the mourners over three thousand years ago. Last June Daoud Pasha, governor of the province of Keneh, which includes the ancient Theban district, noticed that the Bedaween offered for sale an unusual quantity of antiquities at absurdly low prices. The pasha soon discovered that the source of their hidden treasure was situated in a gorge of the mountain range which separates Deir-el-Bahari from the Bab-el-Malook. This gorge is situated about four miles from the Nile to the east of Thebes. Daoud Pasha at once telegraphed to the khedive, who forthwith despatched to the spot Herr Emil Brugsch, a younger brother of Dr. Henry Brugsch Pashi, who, during M. Maspero's absence in Paris, is in charge of all archæological excavations in Egypt. Herr Brugsch discovered in the cliffs of the Lybian mountains near the Temple of Deir-el-Bahari, or the "Northern Convent," a pit, about thirty-five feet deep, cut in the solid rock; a secret opening from this pit led to a gallery nearly two hundred feet long, also hewn out of the solid rock. This gallery was filled with relics of the Theban dynasties. Every indication leads to the conviction that these sacred relics had been removed from their appropriate places in the various tombs and temples, and concealed in this secret subterranean gallery by the Egyptian priests to preserve them from being destroyed by some foreign invader. In all probability they were thus concealed at the time of the invasion of Egypt by Cambyzes. The full value of this discovery, of course, cannot as yet be determined. The papyri have not yet been unrolled, nor have the mummies been unwrapped. The following Theban sovereigns are the most important of those whose mummies Herr Brugsch has identified: Aahmes I. (Amosis), first king of 18th dynasty, reigned B.C. 1700 (about). Amenhotep I. (Amenophis), 2nd king of 18th dynasty, reigned B.C. 1666 (about). Thutmes I., 3rd king of 18th dynasty, reigned B.C. 1633 (about). Thutmes II., 4th king of 18th dynasty, reigned B.C. 1600 (about). Thutmes III. (the Great), 5th king of 18th dynasty, reigned B.C. 1600 (about). Ramses I., 1st king of 19th dynasty, reigned B.C. 1400 (about).

Seti I., 2nd king of 19th dynasty, reigned B.C. 1366 (about). Ramses II. (the Great), 3rd king of 19th dynasty, reigned B.C. 1333 (about). Pinotem, 3rd king of 21st dynasty, reigned B.C. 1033 (about). Raskhenen (dynasty and date of reign unknown). Queen Ra-ma-ka (Hatasou?), Queen Aahmes Nofert Ari. Conspicuous by its massive gold ornamentation, in which cartouches are set in precious stones, is the coffin containing the mummy of Maut Nedjem, a daughter of King Ramses II. Each of the mummies is accompanied by an alabaster canopic urn, containing the heart and entrails of the deceased. Four papyri were found in the gallery at Deir-el-Bahari, each in a perfect state of preservation. The largest of these papyri — that found in the coffin of Queen Ra-ma-ka — is most beautifully illustrated with colored illuminations. It is about sixteen inches wide, and when unrolled will probably measure from one hundred to one hundred and forty feet in length. The other papyri are somewhat narrower, but are more closely written upon. These papyri will probably prove to be the most valuable portion of the discovery, for in the present state of Egyptology a papyrus may be of more importance than an entire temple, and, as the late Mariette Pasha used to say, "It is certain that if ever one of those discoveries that bring about a revolution in science should be made in Egyptology, the world will be indebted for it to a papyrus." No less than three thousand seven hundred mortuary statues have been found which bear royal cartouches and inscriptions. Nearly two thousand other objects have been discovered. One of the most remarkable relics is an enormous leather tent, which bears the cartouche of King Pinotem, of the 21st dynasty. This tent is in a truly wonderful state of preservation. The workmanship is beautiful. It is covered with hieroglyphics most carefully embroidered in red, green, and yellow leather. The colors are quite fresh and bright. In each of the corners is represented the royal vulture and stars. Fifteen enormous wigs for ceremonial occasions form a striking feature of the Deir-el-Bahari collection. These wigs are nearly two feet high, and are composed of frizzled and curled hair. There are many marked points of resemblance between the legal institutions of ancient Egypt and of England. For instance, pleadings must be "traversed," "confessed and avoided" or demurred to. Marriage settlements and the doctrines of

uses and trusts prevailed in ancient Egypt, but the wearing of these wigs was not extended to the members of the legal profession, but was reserved exclusively for the princesses of the blood and ladies of very high rank. It is curious to recall the fact that when Belzoni, in 1817, discovered at Bab-el-Malook the tomb of Seti I.—a tomb which has since been popularly called "Belzoni's tomb"—a fine sarcophagus in alabaster stood in the farthest chamber. This sarcophagus was subsequently brought to England, and it is now in Sir John Soane's Museum. Herr Brugsch has now brought to light the original occupant of this sarcophagus, who may now be seen at the Boulak Museum, near his son, Ramses II. Herr Brugsch, it is said, believes that there is another secret gallery leading from the pit at Deir el-Bahari. When M. Maspero returns next October further excavations will doubtless be undertaken, but the Boulak Museum, so suddenly enriched as it has been during the present year, now occupies a position not inferior to any in Europe.

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From The Spectator.

#### THE ART OF FRIENDSHIP.

In the good old days, before railways and the penny post jostled ourselves and our thoughts into the midst of our friends with as little of ceremony as there often is of welcome, men had to take their friendship as they did their own existence,—a good deal on trust. Mr. Darwin had not taught us that to keep alive a faculty, it is necessary to cultivate it; and an all-pervading scepticism had not then, as now, claimed every thought and feeling as its prey. Intercourse between friends ran upon less complex lines, and so complete is the change that our simple old ancestors would hardly understand the language in which our friendship is now carried on. Compare the grand simplicity of Lord Bacon's essay upon "Friendship" with the searching analysis that modern writers bring to bear upon the subject. In a book of essays lately published by Mr. R. L. Stevenson, one of the most graceful and discriminating of critics, there is a chapter devoted to "Truth of Intercourse;" but after reading it, we echo his closing words, and ask if any friendship is worth the mental exercise that Mr. Stevenson says is necessary to its very existence. Sad mortals

that we are, the squeaks of our violins far exceed the harmonies that come from us. We are forever tuning, and forever finding ourselves out of tune. Unskilled fingers draw their bow across us, and the discord that follows is an index of our pain. Friendship, after all, is not the simple thing that our forefathers considered it. It is a fine art, differing, unfortunately, from other arts in the fact that it is one on which all must more or less try their hand; and one where both artist and material are alive and capable of exquisite pain, as well as exquisite pleasure, and in which the mistakes we make tell most fatally. It is as if the canvas painted upon by an artist experienced a keen sense of dismay, when some special color is laid upon it where some other color should have been. And yet, who will admit they are not masters of the art? Who are content to reckon themselves but amateurs in an art which is as subtle as light, and as perishable as the colors of the rainbow? Sunlight mingled with raindrops produces the colors in which nature paints her arch of peace, and pain must be mingled with pleasure before we can place our token between our friend and ourself. If the proportions are not delicately distributed, we shall see no rainbow in the sky, and no reflected light in the face of our friend. And yet we all think we possess the secrets of the gods, and hold the key of our friend's heart. Fools that we are, by our clumsiness we close more locks than all our life has time to open. We snatch and struggle, and our eagerness acts like the meeting of air and water; no drop can we draw to quench our thirst. Like cats, we follow the windings of our friend's moods, and ten to one our spring is false, either in words or time. Nothing is more sad to watch than the lame efforts of two would-be friends, neither of whom can feel the other. It is like bad acting, where a wrong tone or expression mars and spoils the otherwise perfect words. Like animals caught in a net, the efforts to get right only plunge us into more hopeless difficulty. Silence is our only refuge; happy those who can make it speaking.

Complexity of motive is often at the root of untruth in intercourse. If we knew exactly what we wanted to convey to our friend, it would not be hard to put it so that he would understand; and this is true, even after realizing that each friend must have a special language all for himself. But when this special language is but half mastered, and what we

want to say is complicated by what we want to leave unsaid, and yet to appear to have said, then, indeed, the position becomes hopeless, because untrue. It is because we are so often essentially untrue to ourselves, that we are unable to bring home the truth to our friends. If a man is perfectly simple in his motives, and can either justify or be sorry for his actions; if he genuinely and solely desires his friend to come at the whole truth, he may leave his friend angry with the motive on which he acted, but he need not leave him in ignorance of the exact truth of his position. Mr. Stevenson, in the essay we have spoken of, says: "If the injured one could read your heart, you may be sure that he would understand and pardon; but, alas! the heart cannot be shown, it has to be demonstrated in words . . . and to do that is to write poetry of a high, if not the highest order." But it is because we so rarely love our friends as much as we love our own injured innocence, or because at the bottom of our hearts we know we are not entirely guiltless of offence, that we find it difficult to make them understand. If our heart is really right with our friend, we may always become inspired for that poetry.

To understand those we live among, we must care for them sufficiently to forgive the one half that we may love the other; and we must do a still more difficult thing than this, we must in forming our judgment about people know what to discard as a truthful account given by themselves of what is in reality untrue of them, though they are not aware of it. This is the more difficult the better we come to know people, and many a friendship is wrecked by letting our friend feel too early that we see more clearly than he does his own bias of character. He is jealous of such knowledge, and nothing needs more delicate handling than to make a man change his opinion about himself, unconsciously and without offence. We must be masters in the art of friendship, to bring home to a friend that though we know him to be something different to what he thinks he is, we love him all the same. How complicated does all this become, when we bring to bear upon our friend a mind full of preconceived opinions of his character. Until we have had much experience, it is difficult to grasp the fact that we must learn our friends, as we learn a foreign language or a new science. We must approach them with an entirely open mind. We must be prepared to weigh and to com-

pare, to build up our knowledge slowly and impartially; to discard what we thought was a leading note, and place it only among the minor chords that we would willingly make the key-note of the whole. Above all, we must refrain from taking the alphabet of our knowledge of our friend, and using the letters to frame a language for ourselves,—a language which shall speak our own words and suit our own needs, a language which shall feed our vanity by helping us to weave a romance for our amusement, wherein our own characters and our own motives are made to do duty for those of our friends, but which is a language that never for one moment could have disclosed the secrets of our friend's mind.

It has been said that letters "are in vain for purposes of intimacy," and though, perhaps, they may be for building up a friendship, yet some friendships cannot survive without their help. How many things there are that we dare not trust ourselves to say in the actual presence of our friend! Our faces and our tones are expressive, and we cannot choose our exact opportunity, nor frame our sentences on the spur of the moment. Many times we say to ourselves, "I will tell him this, or I will ask him to tell me that," and then, when the time comes, it is impossible to catch the moment. A footstep, the rustle of a leaf, and timidity seizes us. We frame the sentence, we look up at our friend's face, and see something that is a barrier,—possibly only a shyness,—possibly a passing fear of how much must follow, if the question is put and answered! Anyhow, it is a barrier, and we end the sentence in the opposite direction to which it was begun. Yet the words unuttered, and the friendship ends as so many do, in the mere exchange of everyday opinions, flavored to suit the fancied requirements of the person we are talking to. But in letters it is different. There the question can be asked, or the sentence framed, and yet that subtle influence we all possess over each other not produce the wrong effect, or cause the thought itself to cease to be for the time. Your friend has time to hear you to the end. The words remain with him with just that sense of uncertainty as to why you uttered them which is often the saving clause when what is said might awake anger or annoyance. No doubt you run the risk of the letter reaching your friend when he is full of other thoughts, but so he may be when in your company; and this is not forced upon you suddenly, as

it might easily be, when you had said half of what you meant to say. After all, risks must be run, and it is often better for the friendship in the end that one side should be able sometimes to frame his speech untrammelled by his friend's presence, than that both sides should hesitate and fail at a critical moment, through the undue influence of what, after all, may not be more than passing emotions reflecting themselves upon an expressive countenance. It is even true that some natures can only be really intimate in letters. Natures that are reserved more from habit and instinct than from reason, and who are unduly sensitive to tone or look, will often find personal intercourse less helpful to freedom of intimacy than the comparative solitude that surrounds intercourse through letters. As Emerson says, "We sit and muse, and are serene and complete, but the moment we meet with any body, each becomes a fraction." Perfect confidence may exclude all need for letters, and the closer the friendship becomes, the more difficult in some ways it is to be intimate in letters; but so long as intimacy is complicated by shyness and reserve, so long will some natures find the uniting element only in letters.

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From The Athenæum.

W. S. LANDOR.

A PROTEST.

Castellamare di Stabia, August 3, 1887.

THERE are few personal or social honors which have come to me during my lifetime for which I care to claim public recognition. But there is one honor which I regard as the most precious in my whole history, and the public recognition of which, when occasion offers, I claim as my right. I mean my long and close friendship with Walter Savage Landor. For the fourteen years of his acquaintance I was his "daughter" and he was my "father." He never wrote to me as aught else; never signed himself in any other way. I have packets of his letters without even the well-known W. S. L. of ordinary intimacy; but all are signed "Your Father," and all begin with "Dear" or "Dearest Daughter." When he died in Florence he bequeathed to me a box of valuable old pictures; which bequest, however, Mr. Browning wrote to me asking me to forego in favor of certain members of the family who had borne the expenses of his last illness. I need hardly

say that I complied with this request, and that I thus gave up what was not only of great intrinsic value, but also of priceless worth to me as the sealing sign of my dear old father-friend's affection. Two of the most beautiful of his sonnets—one, perhaps, the most musical of all—were addressed to me; he wrote under his own name in *Fraser* a criticism on my book "Amymone;" he gave me, and I still possess, the first edition of his "Imaginary Conversations," corrected, interleaved, annotated by his own hand; for many years I was twice a year his guest at Bath, for a month, or six weeks, or two months at a time; and there are yet living many friends who know how true and tender was the friendship which began between us when he was an old man past seventy and I a young woman many years under thirty. I was staying with him when he wrote that gem of gems beginning, "I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;" and I am that "girlish friend" referred to by Mr. Sidney Colvin in his "Life of Landor," just published. He brought the verses down to breakfast, and threw them across the table to me, saying, "See what your old father wrote last night." Then he took them up and read them aloud, as Mr. Colvin has related. I gave Mr. Colvin the anecdote; and I think I am justified in thus setting my own name against it, and in remonstrating with the curiously grudging spirit which forbore to give me an honor to which I am entitled, and which I prize above all others. I remonstrate, too, with the incorrect inference of the phrase "whom he at this time called daughter." I was his daughter then and his daughter to the last day of his life—his daughter in love, obedience, and devotion in my youth, as I am now in my mature age in loyalty to his memory and in jealous regard for the honor of his illustrious adoption.

E. LYNN LINTON.

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SEA MESSENGERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—When in St. Kilda, in the winter of 1876-7, in a season of distress, I fell upon the plan of making small ships and sending them off before the wind, with letters in their holds, in the hope that they would reach some place where there was a post-office, which they all did. By



this plan I was the means of bringing a gunboat to the island, which took off a party of nine shipwrecked Austrians and myself. The Austrians had been detained for five weeks in St. Kilda. In return for this service, the Admiralty, a year afterwards, sent me a bill amounting to £2 5s. for my entertainment during the four days I was in the gunboat. As the account was accompanied with an insult, politely expressed, I refused to pay this claim.

The first ship I sent off carried a red sail and a white, that she might catch the eye; and had a lead keel. She arrived at Norway, and the letters in her hold were forwarded to Edinburgh uninjured. I had another and larger vessel ready to launch when the shipwrecked crew arrived, and at the request of the captain, I wrote a note to the Austrian consul in Liverpool, and enclosed it with my own letters. This vessel reached Poolewe, in Ross-shire, after a passage of three weeks. I will describe her. She was cut by me from a log that lay on the beach. She was about four feet long, and a foot square. In the centre, I cut a hole about two feet long to give her buoyancy, and to hold the letters. I covered this neatly with a deck. I printed, "Open this," with a hot

poker on the deck. I put a bar of iron on her for a keel. I left the bow and stern solid, so that she might stand a good deal of beating upon rocks without suffering vital injury. I placed the mast in the solid part of the bow, with a rake aft. The shipwrecked Greeks and Slavs believed that she would answer the purpose; but the natives were evidently incredulous, and the minister chuckled openly at the attempt. The sailors made an improved sail for her, and put her old bolts into the hold for ballast. She carried a red flag.

I notice in the newspapers that a machine called "Vandenberg's Sea Messenger," was dropped from the flagship of the reserve squadron during the late cruise in the German Ocean. Excepting that this new messenger is constructed of iron, she seems essentially the same as those despatched by me. Although I did not feel any great pride in the invention, still I think it is shabby to borrow my idea without acknowledgment, even although it be improved on. Knowing, from experience, that you are a lover of fair play, I believe you will find room for this. I am, sir, etc.

J. SANDS.

Bankhead, Tranent, N. B., August 25th.

CHINESE TABLE ETIQUETTE. — Ting Lang Ho, an educated Chinaman, writes as follows: "According to the teachings of Confucius, no conversation must be carried on at table. This precept of Confucius, disagreeable though it must seem to many, prevents many embarrassments at table, namely, one's being interrupted when he tries to speak at table, and the boisterousness with which some carry on conversation at table. Chinese etiquette requires all to begin to eat at the same time, but each one before he begins to eat generally says, 'Let us begin,' which is accompanied by a gesture with the chopsticks. In finishing one's meal the same gesture is used, but not the same words. He says then to those who are still eating, 'Do not be in haste.' It is customary for the elders to help the younger to those dishes which he cannot reach, but in receiving etiquette requires him or her to rise.

In sitting at a Chinese table neither one's body nor his dress must touch the table, and great strictness in regard to one's position is enforced. It is not according to Chinese etiquette to look around when one is eating, nor to stare at one another. Remarks made on the food, and the smacking of one's lips, are (I am sorry to say) allowable in Chinese etiquette. The chopsticks, when one is not using them, must be placed on the table close together, perpendicular to the spoon. According to Chinese etiquette, it is rude for one to finish too soon; one must try to keep together with the rest, though it is becoming for inferiors to finish a little before their superiors, but not a little too late. Reading of periodicals is strictly forbidden, but letters are allowed if they are very important. One very seldom asks for an excuse from table in China, but every one goes at the same time."

Amherst Gazette.